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FOUR YEARS AGO it was Herbert Hoover who was to perform miracles. Today it is Franklin D. Roosevelt. This feeling may not be prevalent throughout the country, but in official and journalistic circles in Washington it is running very strong. There are already rumors of an economic rehabilitation program on a titanic scale, involving billions of dollars, of which the ambitious Muscle Shoals program recently announced is but a single detail. It must be said for Mr. Roosevelt that he is making no extravagant claims. Nevertheless, these reports have upset many conservative commentators, who also are looking with suspicion upon the fact that the President-elect has of late been associating with such progressives as Senators Norris, La Follette, Cutting, and Hull, while noticeably avoiding public contact with conservative Democrats such as Senator Robinson, Newton D. Baker, Governor Ritchie, and former Governor Byrd. That the Roosevelt Administration, at least to begin with, will be unashamedly radical—in so far as the Senate liberalism may thus be termed—is now apparent. There is evidence, too, that the 124 new Democratic members of the House will as a group be found standing even farther to the left than the new

President. Some of these members-elect have already visited Washington and made known their views, which sound as if they might have been lifted in part from the Socialist Party platform. We have not forgotten that as a miracle-worker Mr. Hoover proved a complete failure, and it must also be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt will be under constant pressure from the conservative elements within his party to modify his views. But at the moment the outlook in Washington is the most encouraging it has been since March, 1929.

AT LAST the issue is joined between Japan and the League. The Committee of Nineteen has faced the obvious fact that procrastination and debate and the search for face-saving formulas have produced no solution in the affairs of China and Japan. It has demanded of Japan "the discontinuation of Manchukuo" and of the campaign already under way against Jehol. And Japan has apparently abandoned sophistical evasions and replied with similar directness that Manchukuo must be maintained; while that kidnapped province itself has issued a statement asserting its independence and its "nonchalant" attitude toward the pronouncements of the League. The conquest of Jehol will be pushed unless the Chinese troops withdraw. These proceedings suggest no safe or simple method of solving the problem of the Far East, but at least they have had a clarifying effect. The world is faced now with a clear-cut issue. Will the League maintain the position its committees have formulated, so gradually and with such reluctance? Will the United States and Russia support the League in its opposition to Japanese imperial aims? And if Japan resigns from the League, what steps will the nations pursue to render effective their condemnation of its action? These questions must be answered within the next few weeks. The position of the United States may not be made clear until after Roosevelt takes office, but the President-elect has indorsed the Stimson doctrine and the arms-embargo measure now under consideration in the Senate, and is known to favor cooperation with the League in support of existing treaty obligations. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude, together with Litvinov's remarkable speech defining aggressive action and supporting the idea of a consultative pact and the use of economic sanctions, has no doubt done much to create Geneva's new mood of resolution.

OUR OWN HOPE is that the recommendations of the Committee of Nineteen will be accepted; that the United States and Russia will cooperate with the League in determining a united course of action; and that such action will be based upon a policy of limited economic sanctions against Japan. To cut off war supplies and war funds would cripple Japan's capacity for aggression without seriously injuring its population. No doubt the international munitions ring will oppose such action (as the United States munitions and aircraft makers oppose the Senate measure giving the President power to declare an arms embargo), and it will run counter to other powerful commercial interests in the countries concerned. But it is also obvious that the weight of general interest in the Western world has begun to tip the

balance the other way; Japan's imperial ambitions have apparently alienated or frightened even its former supporters in France and England. It is important, however, that the policy adopted by the nations be expressed in terms so clear and so dispassionate that even Japan can find no excuse for assuming the role of the martyred country facing a hostile world. The method of non-intercourse can succeed only if it is deliberately planned as an alternative to war, not as a hostile act. The nations adopting such tactics must proceed in a passive mood; they must simply refuse to aid or abet an international crime. For more than a year Japan has listened to arguments and expostulations from the League; but it has gone straight ahead with its imperialist schemes knowing that it could turn to the very nations that talked the loudest and buy from them the arms and munitions necessary to carry out its plans. This cynical paradox can only be ended by international agreement to enforce an embargo on war materials.

MEANWHILE the proposal to give the President authority to lay down embargoes on munitions shipments to countries at war or threatening to go to war is meeting with obstacles in Congress. This authority would be used only after the United States had obtained "the cooperation of such nations as the President deemed necessary." The most obstinate opposition to the measure comes, of course, from the makers of war materials. The empowering resolution passed the Senate without much difficulty during the confusion attending the Long filibuster, but it has since been recalled for reconsideration upon the motion of Senator Bingham of Connecticut. It cannot be entirely accidental that Connecticut is the home of several large munitions factories. The manufacturers of airplanes have now blocked action on the resolution in the House. Its adoption, they maintain, would divert business to other countries; to quote Guy Vaughan of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, "no country would buy from us unless she could be sure she could continue to get parts and replacements for her planes as she needed them." This is the burden of their complaint. Apparently, they consider it sufficient merely to assert that adoption of the resolution would interfere with their profits.

A SECOND FIVE-YEAR PLAN does not, as yet, exist in Russia, though Stalin recently outlined its general character. But Moscow has published—and the Moscow correspondents have duly ignored—the Soviet program for 1933. Industrial production is scheduled to rise 16.5 per cent. Capital investment will amount to 18,000,000,000 rubles. Nine million tons of pig iron are to be produced, 8,900,000 tons of steel, 6,200,000 tons of rolled steel, 16,300,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity (compared with 1,900,000,000 in 1913), 84,000,000 tons of coal—coal production was 28,900,000 tons in 1913, 59,000,000 in 1931, and about 66,000,000 in 1932—and 24,400,000 tons of oil. Corresponding increases are expected in the output of machines, chemicals, consumers' goods, timber, and homes. Individual productivity in industry, according to the 1933 plan, will be raised 14 per cent and wages 9 per cent. This is an impressive undertaking, which indicates that even though the Bolsheviks have shifted the direction of industrial advance and moderated its speed, progress will continue to be rapid. In a world of unemployed millions, idle factories, and descending curves of production, such a program insures the support of the masses, who, despite present

hardships, see improvement on all sides. Poverty which accompanies progress is less disheartening than poverty in the midst of plenty.

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to find a more completely disingenuous report than that made by Secretary of Commerce Chapin to the House Ways and Means Committee urging "compensating" tariffs for imports from countries with depreciated currencies. *The Nation* last week published the official figures which show that imports from Great Britain, for example, last year fell even more compared with the year before than did imports from France and Germany and other countries with currencies still at gold parity. It showed also that last year the direct trade relations of Great Britain and Japan with the United States were even less favorable to those countries than in the previous year. None of these facts is mentioned in Mr. Chapin's memorandum, and they can only be surmised from his various apologies. He remarks that what is important, anyway, is not the dollar value of imports, but the quantity of them. But even when we allow for a price decline of 13 per cent during the last year, the decline of 44 per cent in the value of British imports, for example, still indicates a very heavy decline by quantitative measurement. Mr. Chapin remarked that 232 commodities were imported in greater volume in 1932 than in 1931, but it turned out under the questioning of the committee that he did not know how many of these commodities came from depreciated-currency countries and how many from gold-basis countries. It further developed under questioning that the imported dutiable products in which increases were shown in 1932 amounted altogether in value to \$76,800,000, or less than 6 per cent of our total 1932 imports. What this means is merely that the other 94 per cent of our imports must have shown an even greater average decline than 37 per cent. In its juggling with figures the Hoover Administration is running true to form to its last gasp.

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, whose resignation as Nathaniel Ropes Professor of Political Economy at Harvard is announced, has been a rare type of academician. His researches have had direct and practical effect upon the economic and social conditions which he has investigated. The foremost American authority on transportation economics, he was among the first to attack the abuses in railroad finance. Later he became a critical student of corporation practices in other fields. He was the pioneer in uncovering the increasing dissociation of ownership from control in corporate affairs. His "Wall Street and Main Street," published in 1927, after magazine publication of some of its material, was a direct attack on financial practices which have continued unchecked and today are recognized as in large degree responsible for our economic debacle. Professor Ripley was subjected to scathing counter-attack as a destructive and reckless critic who would put shackles on our progress and prosperity. Had his warnings been heeded, had a vigilant Administration followed his recommendations and enacted adequate statutory safeguards, the corporate structure would not have been built so high and so flimsily, and its crash would have been less ruinous. At this time, when the wreckage of enterprise and investment strews the land, when the financial "widows and orphans" weep for their departed dollars, when suits against directors are being instituted everywhere in the hope of quickening assets long

since dead, the extent of Professor Ripley's contribution may be recognized. It is to be hoped that his health, the impairment of which caused his retirement, may be restored and that his mind and pen will long continue in the service of the American people.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION of New York has been asked to assume jurisdiction over the labor policies of the Brooklyn Edison Company. Thirty customers have filed a formal complaint that the discharge of some 2,300 employees impairs the "safe and adequate service" which under the law every public utility must furnish, and that power-house accidents have increased 100 per cent. The company replies that the commissioners have no more jurisdiction over its labor policies than over those of a department store or a hotel. Under a rigid and reactionary interpretation of the public-service statute, this may conceivably be maintained. Chairman Milo R. Maltbie, while asking for additional briefs, pointed out that the courts have ruled that the commission has no jurisdiction except such as is expressly conferred. He recalled that when the Public Service Commission was established in 1907, exclusion of labor questions from its jurisdiction was taken for granted. But that very contention justifies a new stand by the commission. A quarter of a century's experience has shown that regulation, even within the limited field prescribed for the commission, has proved inadequate. Service, on the whole, is satisfactory, but rates have continued excessive, owing chiefly to the limitations imposed upon commissions by the courts. Worker and investor—surely two other "parties at interest"—are wholly without safeguards. Counsel for the plaintiffs, Jerome Count, finds in the public-service law adequate ground for an interpretation sufficiently broad to include regulation of labor policies. It is high time that this issue be joined. If the commission rules that it has not this power, the law needs prompt revision to include protection of both worker and investor, as well as strengthening to provide true protection of the consumer. The companies will be well advised to cease opposing the extension of regulation, for public ownership looms as the imminent and only possible alternative.

BUT WHILE STATE REGULATION has been largely ineffective, "pitiless publicity," of which we heard during the last Democratic national Administration, has begun to produce results. The data assembled during the last four years by the Federal Trade Commission have furnished citizens and groups in hundreds of communities with the factual ammunition needed to attack high electric and gas rates. The one invaluable service rendered the consuming public during the Hoover Administration was that performed by the Federal Trade Commission. Yet, paradoxically, the branch of Congress dominated for the first time in seventeen years by Democrats—the party now committed to a new deal on the power question—has just voted a crippling cut in the appropriation for the Federal Trade Commission, \$510,000 against the budget recommendation of \$1,109,550. Already, as a result of curtailment, four volumes of testimony, including that on the Insull and Associated Gas and Electric systems, cannot be printed. The projected chain-store and stock-market investigations will have to be abandoned. Instead of reducing the appropriation of the Federal Trade Commission, Congress should enable it and speed the work. The trifle over

a million dollars spent annually has already resulted in rate reductions which have saved the American electric consumer many times that amount. And the full force of the commission's findings has not yet been realized—thanks to the tenderness of the press for the power companies. Fortunately, the Senate threatens to hold up the entire appropriation bill unless the item for the Federal Trade Commission is restored.

THE BOARD OF TAX APPEALS has just written a learned and entertaining essay accompanying its refusal to grant Miss Lenore Ulrich the right to deduct from her taxable income \$11,129 allegedly spent in entertaining critics and other newspapermen. The board digs into history to report that the custom of feeding the influential is old, and that Shakespeare is said to have died as a result of a dinner offered to certain rival poets; it then turns to anthropology to cite the fact that cannibals are often placated by a gift of salt; and, finally, it arrives at the great psychological truth that "the potency of donated favors, especially of food, in securing adherents is recognized." Nevertheless, it says no in the end, and Miss Ulrich is exposed to the rage of the principal New York critics, who tell the reporter of the *Times* that they were neglected. John Mason Brown denies that he ever got eleven thousand dollars' worth of entertainment from Miss Ulrich off stage or on; Burns Mantle complains wistfully that the story only confirms what he has long feared—namely, that he is not meeting the right people; while John Anderson is sure that nobody takes the trouble to entertain critics these days—not even the producers. When consulted, *The Nation's* own dramatic editor insisted that his failure to receive even a sandwich from the star of "Lulu Belle" was only another example of the penalty he has to pay for his well-known incorruptibility.

"DO YOU KNOW," writes a friend from the Middle West, "that people are riding up to relief stations in high-powered motor cars, getting food, and then driving off with it? What have you got to say to that?" Well, we have to say that people who live some distance from town and who have no other means of locomotion are going to hold on to their cars just as long as they can. It would not be economical for them to sell their cars—for which they could get almost nothing—and to buy a horse with the proceeds, for the animal has to be kept alive and a wagon must be purchased as well. For hundreds of thousands of people the automobile has become an absolute necessity. It is not a luxury, but the only means by which they can go from farm to farm, or to the village to swap, to bargain, to borrow, and sometimes to buy. In every town in the Middle West there are now rummage stores to which people bring all sorts of odds and ends that they can possibly dispense with in their homes in the hope of realizing thereby a few cents. Often the trip to the rummage store is made after the children have been deposited in the district school. In cases like these, the cost of gasoline, which in many places is as low as eight cents a gallon, must be figured in as a necessity of life, unless relief committees or towns establish delivery service. In several States, notably in Iowa and Indiana, the State authorities have put off the date for renewing licenses for 1933 in order to help the people who have no money but must drive. There is also a movement on foot in the legislatures to help the farmer by reducing the cost of drivers' licenses and car registration, whereas in New York the demand is for higher fees and licenses.

The Department of Labor: A Challenge

RECENT press reports declare that Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins of New York has told President-elect Roosevelt that she does not wish to be considered for the post of Labor in his Cabinet on the ground that the opposition to her appointment by organized labor would handicap and embarrass the coming Administration. Assuming the report to have some foundation—for the offer of the post to Miss Perkins is known to have been made—it raises pertinently the question of the purpose, scope, and potentialities of the Department of Labor. To make this department, for the first time in its brief and not too creditable history, a worthy and important administrative branch of the federal government, rendering real service to the millions of American workers, is one of Mr. Roosevelt's great opportunities.

Just how deeply rooted the purely political concept of government has been in America is proved by the fact that Cabinet posts dealing with the now admittedly overshadowing economic problems are of very recent origin. The Secretaryships of State, Treasury, and War, the offices of Attorney-General and Postmaster-General date from the beginning of our constitutional government. The Secretaryship of the Navy followed closely, in 1798. President Zachary Taylor, who played so large a part in extending our territory, created the Department of the Interior in 1849, when the nation, stretching now from ocean to ocean, became conscious that it had an interior. President Cleveland established the Department of Agriculture in 1889, a date that corresponds roughly with the disappearance of free land in the United States. President Roosevelt, in 1903, when the United States had become a world Power and was beginning to ship the dollar overseas, established the Department of Commerce and Labor, and made George B. Cortelyou its first Secretary. A private secretary, a lawyer, a merchant, and a lawyer successively held the post. Then Woodrow Wilson, imbued with ideas of the "new freedom," created two departments where but one had existed, and named as the first Secretary of Labor a man who had known at first hand the problems of the worker—William B. Wilson.

The World War gave labor an artificially favored position and, through the collaboration of the Wilson regime with Samuel Gompers, endowed the American Federation of Labor with a brief prestige. The Administration, however, ended in the red haze of the "deportations delirium" of 1920 in conjunction with the hysteria of Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, against which Assistant Secretary of Labor Louis F. Post alone battled gallantly, and not wholly in vain. Then came "normalcy." As evidence thereof, the organizer of the Loyal Order of Moose, with the distinction, carefully publicized, of having labored as a puddler, became Secretary of Labor—for ten years. It mattered little who filled this tail-end Cabinet job. In those gilded days A. F. of L. leaders sat at festive boards with bankers and magnates—indeed, became bankers and industrialists themselves—while the open shop and the company union, rechristened "the American plan," flourished. William Nuckles Doak, with no appreciable record of having labored but with a quarter-century's career as a labor-union official, followed Davis. And today, with

labor in the United States stripped of illusory advantages, its effectiveness long since undermined by the personal ambition of so-called leaders, its ranks disintegrating, the cry goes up from the federation officials that they must control and head the Department of Labor! What is there in the history, in the achievement, in the service of this clique of self-perpetuating labor bureaucrats that validates any such claim? Even if they may fairly be said to represent the 2,500,000 who still retain their A. F. of L. cards, what is this trifling number compared with the 40,000,000 wage-earners who *are* American labor, and for the last twelve years have been virtually unrepresented in the administrative councils at Washington? And what is there in the record of the federation candidate, Daniel J. Tobin, to justify his appointment? Like his predecessors, Wilson and Davis, he is an example of an immigrant who has risen to success. For twenty-five years he has been president of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen, and Helpers at a salary in excess of a Cabinet officer's.

We know of nothing in the career of Daniel Tobin that compares with the wide experience, the diversity of interest within the broad field of labor and industrial relations, and above all the superlative personal achievement of Frances Perkins. Since the completion of her studies, first at Mount Holyoke, then at the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia University, Miss Perkins, working unceasingly for better conditions of life and labor, has to each assignment brought high intelligence, courage, vision, and practical efficiency. She has been secretary of the Philadelphia Research and Protective Association, executive secretary of the Consumers' League of New York, executive secretary of the State Committee on Safety, director of investigations of the New York State Factory Commission, during the war executive director of the State Council of Organization for War Service, New York State Industrial Commissioner, director of the Council on Immigrant Education, member and later chairman of the New York State Industrial Board. Both theory and practice are hers to a unique degree. With her own eyes she saw the ghastly Triangle factory fire. As factory inspector and as head of the New York Committee of Safety she has labored unremittingly and successfully for the elimination of industrial hazards. The bare official record gives no adequate picture of the patient, steadfast labor in education, administration, and diplomacy which has enabled Frances Perkins again and again to reconcile the conflicting interests of employer and employee.

For twenty years the Department of Labor in Washington—with the shining exception of the Children's Bureau, so ably presided over first by Julia Lathrop and now by Grace Abbott—has been a convenient repository for a few political legatees. During the days of boost and boast that mattered less. Today, with labor shattered and demoralized, a tremendous task in organization and coordination confronts the Department of Labor. To correlate with federal efforts the scattering activities of forty-eight States and countless cities, to recreate employment and restore decent standards of labor—these are major tasks of the government. The new Administration could make no better beginning than to enlist the devoted and expert services of Frances Perkins.

The Mortgage Problem

AS the seriousness of the farm-mortgage situation becomes increasingly apparent, there is some danger that well-intentioned but only half-thought-out legislation may be passed which will create evils greater than those it seeks to cure. It is above all necessary to keep constantly in mind the complex nature of the problem, and the secondary consequences of all suggested remedies.

Most of the solutions so far proposed fall into two main divisions. The first group would have farm mortgages taken over in one way or another by the federal government. It is proposed, for example, that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation pay the whole or some part of a defaulted mortgage to the mortgagee, and become itself the holder of the farmer's mortgage. This is a mere extension of the perilous policy of subsidy that the government has already been pursuing with the banks and the railroads. The government, in effect, would be called upon to validate many unsound loans made by present mortgagees; in the long run the taxpayer rather than the mortgagee would be compelled to take the loss. Meanwhile the result would be a further extension of the government's debt and a consequent restriction of its possible borrowing power for other purposes, such as direct relief. Nor would the government as a mortgage-holder be likely to prove very effective as a collection agency. It is probable that government-held mortgages on farms would be whittled down from time to time by various legislative measures and special pleas.

The group of farm-mortgage remedies more often proposed, and already partially in effect, involves some sort of moratorium either with the voluntary consent of the mortgagees or through the united action of farmers. The most frequent suggestion has been for a complete moratorium for a period of two years. But apart from legal difficulties, such a general moratorium, if it involved payments of interest as well as principal, might have extremely serious social effects. It has been estimated that about 15 per cent of all farm mortgages are held by farmers themselves, most of them retired farmers, while other individuals hold about 15 per cent more. Among these individual holders are certainly many who depend almost entirely on their interest for a modest living. Under a general indiscriminating moratorium they would be forced for two years to accept nothing, even though many of the farm-owners could afford to pay something. The remaining 70 per cent of farm mortgages are held by federal land banks, joint-stock land banks, commercial banks, mortgage companies, and insurance companies. The effect of a general moratorium would certainly be to bankrupt many of these, ruining depositors in commercial banks and still further reducing confidence. It would not even do much toward solving the problem of the debtor, for at the end of the two-year period there would be an immense amount of accumulated interest to be paid.

Such considerations need not lead us to reject completely all moratorium or even all government-aid proposals, but they reveal how necessary it is to keep constantly in mind the dangers likely to be found in any simple, sweeping remedy. Any proposal must be elastic enough to allow for the capacity to pay of various individual debtors, and even for the position of the creditor. Some of the problems involved could perhaps

be most satisfactorily adjusted by special local committees.

But there is one general step that could and should be taken immediately, and that should apply not merely to farm mortgages but to mortgages on urban homes as well, and perhaps to those on all real estate. This is legislation which would compel the holder of a mortgage, upon the request of the home- or farm-owner, to renew for at least two years more any mortgage falling due, say, within the next two years. Such legislation might further provide that for several years following this period the holder could not demand payment of the principal of his mortgage at a rate of more than 5 per cent a year. This step would protect all the essential rights of the mortgagee; it would assure his continuity of income so far as the law can assure it, as well as his power for redress where interest payments are not continued; and it would mitigate, if not prevent, the chaotic situation that is otherwise almost certain to develop. The value of real estate in general has collapsed violently, and there is no reason to suppose that the major part of this collapse is a temporary one. This means that all mortgagees will be anxious to call their mortgages, or drastically to reduce their capital amounts, at the earliest opportunity. It would be impossible for farmers or urban home-owners to raise the capital sums demanded, and they would lose their farms or homes even though they were able to continue to meet interest payments. Nothing can stop a general reduction and liquidation of mortgages. Only legislation of the type proposed can help to make that liquidation an orderly rather than a disorderly and cruel one.

Doctors and the Public

IF the doctors of the country had deliberately framed a plan to antagonize the public and goad the American people into a demand for some form of state medicine, they could hardly have acted with more effect than they have since the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care made public its report last December. The tactics of the more vocal physicians seriously threaten the future independence of the whole profession. There can be no question whatever that the public is increasingly insistent on protection against the economic hazards of illness. Too many persons—especially in these desperate times—have been financially devastated by doctors' and hospital bills. In response to this demand the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, after a thorough canvass of the whole field of medical economics, issued the report which has so generally aroused the medical profession. To be sure, the report exonerated the doctors of profiteering—for which service the profession might have shown more appreciation than it has—and proved most conclusively that the financial burdens of illness are hard to bear, not because doctors are overpaid, but because the expenses come unexpectedly and often in staggering doses.

To remedy this situation the committee has proposed "group payment." It has urged that the costs of medical service be met by the annual payment of small fixed sums by large groups of people, whether they are sick or well, rather than in big and unpredictable amounts by individuals when they happen to be ill. All of the twenty-five physicians on the committee approved of the group-payment principle, though eight urged control of such plans exclusively by the medical pro-

fession. The committee also recommended that costs be reduced and service facilitated through an extension of "group practice." None of the twenty-five doctors on the committee disapproved of this principle, although a small minority pointed out certain dangers and limitations. The entire committee agreed that taxation should be resorted to to defray the expenses of medical care for those who could not afford to pay fees. Eight out of the forty-eight members of the committee said that the industrial States should "plan for legislation" to require "persons in certain income groups, certain occupations, or certain areas to subscribe for health insurance." But the committee was unanimous in urging that the group-practice and group-payment methods be applied voluntarily and by private medical agencies—not by state compulsion or under government control.

In spite of the plain letter and intent of the committee's report, those who speak for the medical profession have played it up as a demand for "state medicine." Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the official *Journal of the American Medical Association*—who never practiced medicine in his life—is engaged in a campaign of editorials and stump speeches before medical societies in condemnation of the report. He views it as a combination of mass production, socialism, and revolution. The issue, as he has phrased it, is "Americanism versus Sovietism for the American people." (Several of his stock arguments are summarized in a letter to the editors printed elsewhere in this issue.) Local medical organizations in various parts of the country have passed incendiary resolutions against the report; a particularly imposing set adopted by the St. Louis Medical Society on January 17 contained these words: "The majority group [of the committee] now offers to medicine . . . a cup of gall, an incitement to revolution, disorganization, separation, heretical practice, and the abrogation in principle of the general practitioner." Dr. Logan Clendening, who discusses medical matters in his syndicated newspaper articles, argues against group payment on the ground that someone who is "mentally diseased" might "eat his insurance certificates" and there would be "no way to prove he is entitled to medical care." Dr. Samuel Kopetzky, editor of the *New York Medical Week*, delivered a radio speech under the auspices of the New York Academy of Medicine in which he asserted that "representatives of the small group that has made millions through capitalism" (meaning, presumably, the foundations which financed the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care) advocate "state medicine" and "medical socialism"—a surprising anomaly, if it were true.

All this sound and fury betrays a state of mind as natural as it is easy to understand. The medical profession realizes that some sort of change is imminent. In these desperate days many doctors would undoubtedly welcome a plan of organization which could be counted upon to yield them a steady, even if limited, income. But the self-appointed spokesmen of the profession and most of the medical societies look upon any concrete proposals for change with a suspicion born of conservatism and fear. They resent the investigations and oppose the recommendations of "outsiders." Yet no enterprise was ever more clearly "affected with a public interest" than is the practice of medicine. If under private ownership and operation the medical profession is unable to provide good care at prices which the people can pay, some sort of state control is inevitable. The doctors know this and look with suspicion upon any suggestion that even points toward socialization. The

majority report of the committee offers the only plausible alternative to such control that we have heard of: voluntary organization to cut costs and ease the burden of payment. In their own interests, the wise and moderate members of the profession should halt the attack that is being led by their vociferous representatives.

Purity at the Port

THE current issue of the Catholic weekly *America* contains an excited article urging upon its readers the duty of prosecuting the publishers of certain current books "dripping with the virulence of sex." The author, Father Francis X. Talbot, sketches the plots of several novels and promises later to describe for the delectation of the pure similar publications in Germany. But though campaigns of this sort doubtless still titillate the imagination of those to whom only the vicarious indulgence in evil thoughts seems permissible, the fact remains that the influence of the vice crusader has suffered an eclipse hardly less near to totality than that of the Anti-Saloon League itself. Speakeasies do, as a matter of fact, still keep up a pretense of secrecy, but even the more esoteric of erotic classics like the "Venus in Furs" of Sacher-Masoch are quite openly displayed in drugstore windows. This is an age of hard drinking and plain speaking. It is not even worth one's while to discuss whether or not the emphasis contributed by the crusaders made it drink a little harder and speak a little plainer than it would otherwise have done. But it is perfectly clear that law has been incapable of controlling the customs to which it is now gradually giving its consent.

For several years no reputable publisher has been successfully prosecuted, and the chances are that the test case now pending will establish the right of Joyce's "Ulysses" to circulate freely. But there is nothing which illustrates more strikingly the conscious weakness of the censors than the strange behavior of the customs authorities, who admit their unwillingness to allow the validity of their decisions to be tested by the courts. Six years ago a presentation copy of George Moore's "A Story Teller's Holiday" was seized at the port. Recently a copy imported by Dr. Ernest Sutherland Bates was passed—simply because it was known that the National Council for Freedom from Censorship planned to question the authority of the Customs Bureau to keep it out. But that is not all. When asked if this action was to be considered a precedent, the bureau replied frankly that it was not, and it implied that the book might be barred whenever the importer was not prepared to question the decision. Thus a novel by a contemporary author may be a classic on Monday and indecent on Tuesday.

The situation is not made any more logical by the circumstance that an American edition of the same book was printed and disposed of, but the really significant fact is simply the willingness of the customs authorities to play fast and loose with their own rules. The artful dodge and the legal technicality are supposed to be the resource of the malefactor rather than of constituted authorities. One expects the smuggler to temporize and to escape the test of the courts as often as he can. But one hardly expects the representatives of the law to be concerned only with what they can get away with.

Issues and Men

Racine: A Dentist, a Salesman, and a Priest

RACINE, Wisconsin, is a fortunate city. It has a self-constituted clique of guardians who are determined that there shall be no treasonable utterances within its limits, and that no unworthy persons shall be allowed to speak there. So, of course, when it was announced that the contributing editor of *The Nation* had been invited to speak in Racine these censors rose in their wrath. The society of the Forty and Eight, a subsidiary of the American Legion, passed resolutions that no such bolshevik and Communist and pacifist as Oswald Garrison Villard should be allowed to appear in Racine; and the Episcopal rector who had offered a hall hastily withdrew it. The Elks, when asked, said they would gladly grant their hall to "anybody except Mr. Villard." The beautiful memorial hall erected to the memory of Racine's soldiers in all our wars since Bunker Hill was, of course, denied. It remained for the Danish Brotherhood to offer theirs when, the original committee of invitation having disbanded, representatives of the Socialist Party invited the offender to come to Racine in shameless defiance of the patriots' fiat.

When I arrived in Racine I called upon the commander of the Legion, Dr. W. H. Gearan, veteran of a dental company in the World War. He was suave, oily, diplomatic. He explained carefully that the matter had not originated with the Legion, but in the Forty and Eight, and that the Legion had merely approved the action of its subsidiary in a perfectly perfunctory way. Had he ever read a word that I had said or written? He had not. Had he made any effort to verify the facts in the fatal dossier which was the basis of the action taken? He had not. Had it occurred to him that in fair play the matter might be taken up with the offender and he be given a chance to answer to the indictment? It had not. Was he aware of the fact that the Constitution of the United States guaranteed to every citizen, however wicked, the right to free speech, besides saying something about free press and free assembly? He believed that there was something in the Constitution to that effect, but he reiterated that the responsibility for this action rested with the Forty and Eight; the American Legion had merely gone along. Naturally he could not agree with me in my belief that American citizens who undertake of their own free will to override the Constitution of the United States and to nullify it are bad citizens, and that their organization is an unworthy one.

This worthy tooth-puller slipped up, however, in that he did not immediately telephone to his confrere, the head of the Forty and Eight. I found the latter to be a plain, uneducated salesman, rejoicing in the fine old New England name of George Admadt. He let the cat out of the bag. It was the soldier-dentist himself who had introduced the resolution in the committee of Forty and Eight, and urged its passage upon that organization! Mr. Admadt admitted that he had himself had the resolution put through. What was in the indictment? He could not remember *a single word*. Had it ever occurred to him that there might be another side? It had not. Could he not remember a single one of the offenses alleged? Not one. But he was certain they were proved to the hilt.

Was he aware that the Constitution of the United States had been amended? No, he did not know that there had ever been an amendment to the Constitution. Then he was not aware that the Constitution guaranteed free speech, free press, free assembly? No; with unfeigned surprise he stated that no one had ever told him this in his entire life. After all, he had merely done what the wily and dodging doctor had asked him to do. But he was certain that everything done was exactly right, that the Forty and Eight was a patriotically virtuous association, and that it could not possibly have violated the dictates of the Constitution or the traditions of the Republic.

Next I sought the priest. That shepherd of the community had attended the first meeting of the committee and had been told that the meeting was to be addressed by the contributing editor of *The Nation*; everybody else heard the statement, but when the American Legion acted, the shepherd, remembering the Scriptural injunction to do unto others what one would have done unto oneself, promptly withdrew the use of the hall. He had not understood that it was that dreadful man, Villard of *The Nation*, who was to be invited; probably he had supposed that it was another journalist of the same name. The priest could not be located, so it was not possible to ascertain his understanding of the Constitution. Amusingly enough, he himself rejoices in the Anglo-Saxon name of Roth. It is German for *red*, but plainly he wears another color. As for the terrible dossier, it lies before me. It appears that I was once a member of the American Association for Medical Aid to Russia; that I once conferred "with an agent from Moscow" with the result that there arose the Federated Farmers' Labor Party (news to me!); that I am a member of the Association for Old Age Security, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, whose purpose is "the wiping out of color lines," and, despite my sex, the Women's Peace Society!

Now, I am perfectly well aware that American liberties would not crash nor the world stand still if Oswald Garrison Villard were to be barred from every hall in the West instead of having been welcomed in many on a long speaking trip just ended. But the principle at stake is so important that I have violated my rule and written about myself in the best manner of our daily columnists. Also, it seemed as if our readers ought to know something of the mentality, the character, and the ignorance of the self-constituted censors, who, in the guise of patriots, are preparing the way to the best of their ability for a fascist overthrow of our American institutions. In Racine the net result was, of course, much publicity and a splendid audience, about twice as large as it would have been had the censors held their peace. That is what always happens when you try to suppress free speech. But patriots of the Racine type are not mentally able to grasp this simple truth.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Who Stands Behind Hitler?

By LUDWIG LORE

ELECTIONS to be held on March 5 for the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet and on March 12 for all Prussian municipalities will decide, not the fate of the Hitler-Hugenberg Government, but whether that coalition is to continue in outward conformity with the constitution or as the recognized dictatorship of a national minority. Adolf Hitler has already announced that Reichstag elections are being held "for tactical reasons," and that their outcome will "in no way determine the course of the present government," even if the election fails to give a majority to the reactionary coalition. Regarded objectively, this announcement is not so revolutionary as it may appear. The Reichstag long ago ceased to play a role in German government. For two years, under Brüning, Papen, and Schleicher, the country has been governed by presidential edicts, in form if not in essence in accord with that provision of the Weimar constitution which permits the President to use dictatorial power in situations of extreme emergency. Republican in form Germany's government may be; in content it has been as autocratic as any under Hohenzollern rule.

The new German Cabinet is made up of two distinct groups which, though they agree in fundamental aim and outlook, differ, often widely, in tactics and in the social and economic interests they represent. The German Nationalist People's Party, the political expression of the Junker aristocracy and a certain influential group of industrialists, is led by Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, millionaire owner of a large string of conservative newspapers and the Ufa film-production company. It was he who induced his party to adopt a frankly monarchistic platform. Several years ago his political organization sent more than 100 deputies to the Reichstag. Since then its representation has fallen to 41, rising to 51 under the wing of the Papen Government after the election in November. The party owes much of its popular following to the "Steel Helmets," world-war veterans of the conservative, reactionary type, well-trained, experienced soldiers. Under the leadership of its commander and founder, Franz Seldte, a well-to-do liquor manufacturer of Saxony and an important figure in the Nationalist Party movement, which he represents as Labor Minister in the Hitler Cabinet, the Steel Helmet has been an effective force against the labor movement. In the Rhineland, in Hamburg, and in Saxony bankers and manufacturers constitute an important adjunct to Hugenberg's party. The ideology of the Hugenberg-Seldte group is further expressed in the Cabinet by Neurath, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron von Schwerin Krosigk, Minister of Finance, Baron Eltz von Rügenach, Minister of Post and Transport, Dr. Grüttner, Minister of Justice, Dr. Gereke, Reich Commissioner for the Creation of Employment, and General Werner von Blomberg, a military man who has hitherto played no important part in party politics. Papen, Vice-Chancellor and Commissioner with dictatorial power for Prussia, at one time member of the Centrist Party, made his peace with Hugenberg a year ago and is today probably his most intimate adviser.

The National Socialist German Labor Party has only three representatives in the new Cabinet: Adolf Hitler, Chan-

cellor; Wilhelm Fricke, Minister of the Interior; and Hermann Göring, President of the last Reichstag and now Secretary for the Development of Germany's Air Forces and Minister of the Interior for Prussia. But in the hands of these three has been placed control over the police force of Germany and Prussia and the appointment of all Reich and Prussian officials. The growth of the National Socialist movement during the three years that have passed since local elections were last held in Prussia will be reflected in a tremendous increase in fascist votes. It is already accepted as a foregone conclusion that most of the large cities, industrial centers, and provincial districts will be dominated by National Socialist majorities after March 12. This is important not merely because it gives that party complete control of Germany's largest state. It also assures the Nazis of a majority in the State Council of Prussia, which is elected by the provincial councils and which, in turn, elects the members from Prussia to the Reichsrat, the upper house of the national government, in which five smaller states are already represented by National Socialists. Should the election produce a Reichstag that will stand behind the coalition Cabinet, the Reichsrat, which ratifies all laws passed by the Reichstag and sanctions government proposals before they are submitted to the lower house, will become an important factor in national affairs.

Nationalists and National Socialists will, because of a fundamental similarity of outlook, be able to cooperate for a time. Both parties are composed of extreme nationalists, monarchists, and militarists who dream of the return of their country's pre-war greatness and believe in the possibility of its regeneration through a youth trained to military service and obedience to the state, and an army and navy that will restore to the Fatherland the territory and colonies it once possessed. The two parties are also at one in their determination to end unemployment by a system of universal labor service under which the nation's youth is to be enrolled for a stated period in a disciplined working army for the performance of public construction and reconstruction work. The National Socialists first promulgated the idea of compulsory labor service for Germany. Their party maintains a special labor-service department and regards it as the patriotic duty of every German youth to contribute his services to the upbuilding of the nation. Volunteer labor camps established by National Socialists, the Steel Helmet, and the state furnish the basis on which this forced labor service is to be built. In them the work soldier receives maintenance, housing, clothing, and pocket money of from 30 to 50 pfennigs (7 to 12 cents) a day. Labor Minister Seldte, discussing the immediate program of the new government with the press, announced its intention of proceeding at once with labor conscription. For the present this labor army is to be used chiefly for the reclamation of swamps and unfertile tracts, for the building of power stations in connection with a widespread system of flood protection, for the extension of the country's road system, for the building of airdromes and air-traffic stations, and for reforestation work. The financing of this costly project, the government believes, can be accom-

plished out of the sums now expended for unemployment relief. German labor unions see in this new step an instrument for wage reductions, a menace to labor's right to collective bargaining and wage agreements, a threat to its arbitration system, its social services, and its right to strike for better working conditions.

Their mutual devotion to the monarchist cause constitutes another firm bond of sympathetic understanding between the parties of the "Harzburg coalition." To the Junker the nation exists for the wealthy landowner and powerful aristocrat, subservient to a rock-ribbed monarchical government. With the growth of international commerce and industry these landed reactionaries were forced to admit rich bankers, industrial magnates, and merchants to their hallowed circles. Their younger sons, forced by circumstance, were permitted to enter the offices and homes of these "capitalist upstarts." But they are as arrogant as ever in their assumption of a God-given superiority and a heaven-sent right to direct the destinies of the nation. "Presidents die," exclaimed Friedrich von Winterfeld, Hugenberg's successor on the executive committee of the German Nationalist People's Party, when the election campaign was opened, "but the king lives forever."

The National Socialist Party is less outspoken in its attitude toward monarchical restoration, although its program, too, states that "Germany must be ruled by one man." Moreover, Hitler's close association with the highest aristocracy and the Hohenzollern princelings speaks for itself.

Notwithstanding the similarity of their aims, a deep gulf divides the world outlook of the Nazis from that of the aristocratic leaders of the Hugenberg wing. These National "Socialists" are motivated, as their meretricious name would indicate, by a mixture of under-dog resentment and Nietzschean nationalism of the crudest type. They lack the cultural background, the bred-in-the-bone self-assurance, and the disdain for the lower classes that dominate their brethren-in-arms. Their nationalism has a vociferous aggressiveness that appeals to the masses because it can be expressed in action; the Nationalist is more inclined to use diplomacy and to appeal to the traditions that centuries of monarchist education bred into the German people. The same difference in viewpoint marks their approach to the problem of the Jew. Both are anti-Semitic. The contempt of the old Prussian conservative for the Jew is proverbial. The Semite was not tolerated in public office and could not become an officer in army or navy; permission to marry a Jewess was granted to penurious army officers only in exceptional cases, where the great wealth and social position of the bride became an extenuating circumstance. Under the Hohenzollerns it was practically impossible for a Jewish immigrant to become a citizen. But neither the Conservative Party nor its present successor, the German Nationalist People's Party, discriminated against the Jew in their official programs. They took anti-Semitism for granted. National Socialists, on the other hand, emphasize the anti-Jewish position, often to the exclusion of all other issues. Theirs is the anti-Semitism of the middle class, a hatred that is born out of bread-and-butter considerations. They hate the Jew as the successful competitor who has crowded the tradesman to the wall with his department-store and chain-store establishments, against which both Nationalists and National Socialists are waging a campaign for governmental restriction. The recent announcement by "a spokesman of the government in the Foreign Office" that nothing will be undertaken against the Jew is a bid

for favorable public opinion until such time as the government shall be firmly entrenched. Wilhelm Fricke, the official spokesman of the Nazi Cabinet group, announced in an interview that measures will be taken in the interest of the unemployed to expel all "unnaturalized foreign workers and other undesirables," the latter term referring to those Eastern Jews who were naturalized in the Republic and whose presence has always been particularly obnoxious to the National Socialists.

Germany, like every other European Power, is confronted with the urgent necessity of increasing its trade balance, which, though exports still exceed imports, is dropping to lower levels from month to month despite stringent import regulations. National Socialists and Nationalists propose to solve this well-nigh unsolvable problem by a policy of national self-sufficiency. The Nazi press and propaganda literature preach a return to the Spartan life of Germany's forefathers and rail against the weakening influence of foreign luxuries on Germany's manhood. Hugenberg's party, while it does not support the Hitler platform of *Autarkie*, demands prohibition of all imports except raw materials as a sound basis for the development of industry and commerce.

Are the days of this reactionary Cabinet counted? I doubt it. The forces that stand for democratic and liberal government outside the labor movement are practically nonexistent. The Centrist Party with its Bavarian annex, the Bavarian People's Party, is at present opposed to the new government. But this opposition cannot be taken very seriously, the Center having negotiated for weeks with Hitler for the establishment of a coalition Cabinet. The largest labor party in Germany, the Social Democratic Party, in spite of two years of uninterrupted Nazi growth, had such confidence in Hindenburg that it would not believe that the "grand old man" would intrust the chancellorship to the National Socialist chief. Unfortunately, it held to this unfounded conviction to the end and therefore neglected to prepare a solid and united phalanx of labor against this eventuality. In Cologne, on February 6, Wilhelm Sollmann, one of the party's most influential and conservative leaders, called upon Moscow to conclude a non-aggression pact with the German Social Democracy such as it had signed with France and Poland, a counsel that comes late, if not too late to unite Communists and Socialists, who were but yesterday waging such bitter warfare against each other that their mutual hostility and distrust are hardly less than their feeling against the real enemy of the worker. The Socialist Workers' Party of Germany, a small but active secession movement from the Social Democracy, has been urging on both parties the necessity of a united front against fascism, as the only means whereby the National Socialists can be defeated. But Communists as well as Social Democrats turned deaf ears to their pleadings. The Communist Party will be suppressed, the protestations of Göring and Dr. Fricke to the contrary notwithstanding, and is probably prepared for an underground existence. But it is as yet, in part because of its unrealistic methods, not strong enough in following and influence to fight the terror of a government that will stop at nothing to abolish the constitutionally guaranteed rights and liberties of a people, the freedom of movement and action of labor—a government that has made the individual the helpless tool of autocracy and despotism, that has replaced culture and progressive thought with bigotry and fanaticism.

The future of the German people is dark indeed.

An Iowa Foreclosure

By CHARLOTTE HUBBARD PRESCOTT

EARLY in January at Le Mars, in northwestern Iowa, a mob of a thousand farmers seized the attorney for an insurance company, dangled a rope before his eyes, and threatened him with immediate lynching. They held the judge of the district court a prisoner in his chambers and defied the county sheriff. And they got what they wanted—the withdrawal of foreclosure proceedings against one farmer and the defeat of a deficiency judgment against another. It was the opening engagement between an organized rural population and established authority—social revolution in the corn-fields of Iowa.

This is startling news, but the incident at Le Mars was no sudden or isolated outburst. The dissatisfaction of the Middle West is profound and widespread. Over two years ago the agent for a farmers' loan company told me: "Unless you get out into the country, you don't know what's happening there. The farmers aren't making even a bare living, most of them. And men don't see their families going hungry without doing something about it."

They began doing something about it last summer. Their first gesture against things as they were was the "cow war," in which farmers refused—with shotguns—to have their cattle tested for tuberculosis. Then came the far more important Farmers' Holiday movement, an attempt to raise the price of farm products by keeping them on the farm, by force when necessary. The attempt was unsuccessful. Prices are even lower than last year when they were the lowest in history. Through delinquent tax sales, the foreclosure of farm and chattel mortgages, and deficiency judgments the farmer is facing the loss not only of his farm but of his grain, live stock, and machinery as well. His home, his tools, and his place of business are all threatened.

A Farmers' Council of Defense has recently been organized, composed of ten leading farmers of Iowa and South Dakota. This heads a large organization of farmers which stems directly from the Holiday movement. The council acts as a judiciary body to decide upon the grievances of the farmers. If it decides, for example, that the foreclosure of a certain farm mortgage is unjust, it passes the word along to a thousand farmers—and the foreclosure is halted.

"You want to talk to me?" The whiskered little old man wearily closed one eye, as if it had looked at the world too long, and gazed at me out of the other. He was a lawyer who had lived in Le Mars for fifty years. "Yes," I said, "I want you to tell me, if you have time, about the farmers' revolt."

We were standing in the lobby of the hotel which has long been a landmark for the 5,000 inhabitants of Le Mars. The little old man sighed and seated himself in a worn leather armchair, while he pulled on a pair of overshoes which zipped to his knees. Then he rose and adjusted a sealskin cap over his eyebrows. "I never have any time," he said, "so you may as well come across the street to my office now."

We climbed a steep flight of wooden steps and settled ourselves in his office. "I tell you," he began, "the farmer's

slide to ruin really started a long time ago, but it speeded up considerably soon after the war. The farmer was urged to raise all he could and he got big prices for his crops. All sorts of companies sprang up. Potash companies and packing houses and oil companies—two or three oil companies right here in northwest Iowa.

"A salesman would say to a farmer, 'You're getting 4 to 4½ per cent on your government bonds. Well, our company pays 8 per cent.' So away would go some gilt-edged liberty bonds. Farmers bought everything under the sun. All kinds of farm machinery, one, two, three, four automobiles, and all the land they could get their hands on at three or four hundred dollars an acre.

"Things went along pretty well for a while, until the prices of farm products went down and farmers began borrowing money on their farms. It was easy to borrow. Then came the crash in Wall Street, and Eastern companies called back their money and started foreclosing the mortgages they held. Often the farmers had deficiency judgments rendered against them. When a farm is sold after a mortgage is foreclosed, if the amount it brings doesn't equal the amount of the mortgage—I told you that the money was borrowed when farm land was sky high—the court issues a judgment to cover the difference and attaches the farmer's grain and live stock and machinery. What makes it worse is that the mortgagee can send a receiver out to the farm right away to run it and collect the amount of the judgment, so the farmer is done out of the year of redemption after foreclosure that he's always been allowed before in Iowa. You don't have to be a radical to sympathize with the farmer. I've lived in this community fifty years and I know the people around here pretty well."

I questioned one of the county officers in the red sandstone courthouse. "Last week's battle?" he answered, "I tell you it was mighty serious. You see, according to the law here in Plymouth County when a mortgage is going to be foreclosed, the sheriff announces the sale of the land and the sale has to take place outside the north door of the courthouse." There were red pillars at the entrance, I remembered, and a steep flight of stone steps leading to it.

"Last Wednesday a sale had been advertised and crowds of farmers began to gather along about nine o'clock. When the sheriff and the lawyer for the insurance company came out on the north porch, the lawyer made his bid. The trouble with foreclosure sales nowadays is that the folks who hold the mortgage are usually the only ones who bid and naturally they aren't going to bid very high.

"Well, the lawyer bid somewhere around \$30,000 for 320 acres of land. Good land, you understand. Used to be worth \$300 an acre. That left about \$3,000 deficiency. Someone in the crowd yelled, 'You bid the whole amount of the mortgage!' He said, 'I can't bid any more than I'm told to bid.' Then they hauled him down the steps. After they got him down in the yard, they told him again to bid the full amount of the mortgage, and he said again he couldn't. The sheriff tried to get over to him, but he's a slight fellow. Any-

way, what could he do against so many? Someone had cut a piece of rope from a swing in the courthouse yard and they said they were going to put it around the lawyer's neck and hitch it to the back end of a car and if he couldn't keep up it would be just too bad.

"Finally they asked him if he'd send a telegram to his company in New York. He said he would. So they dictated a telegram to him. I didn't see just the wording, but it wound up, 'My neck is in danger.' Everyone felt sorry for the man who was losing his farm. We call him one of the 'good Johnsons.' He's seventy years old, and his folks broke the ground on his farm with a pair of oxen. At his age it would have gone pretty hard with him if he'd had a debt settled on him besides losing his farm. I suppose, as it is, he'll rent his farm from the insurance company. Oh yes, Lawyer Lampson got word back to bid the full amount of the mortgage." He paused as a cheerful-looking woman entered unannounced. "This is my wife," he said. "Mary, you tell this lady your view of what happened here last week."

Mary took up the story, settling her pince-nez firmly in place. "When the mob started yelling at Ed," she said, "I was right out on the steps with him. Ed's the lawyer they were after. I've known Ed all his life and I used to work for his father. There was one man in the crowd who was a sort of leader. He stood up against one of the pillars. When he hollered, 'Make him bid!' they crowded up around Ed and the sheriff. And when he yelled, 'Let's take him for a ride!' they all yelled, 'Let's take him for a ride!' and hustled him down those eighteen stone steps. After Ed had sent off the telegram, he came right back and mingled with the crowd. Brave? I should say he was brave!

"But I'm sorry for the farmers. What I say is, if the farmer has to take a big loss, why shouldn't the company that lent him the money take one, too?"

"Well, that gave them a taste of blood. Saturday, they gathered here again. They went to the Farm Bureau agent's office and told him to get out. They said, 'We're the law here! We're in the majority!' You read in the paper, didn't you, about how they kept the judge 'incomunicado' while they were threatening Ed and the sheriff? John, here, was with the judge when it happened."

John flicked off the keys of his typewriter with a substantial hand. "I thought he might need a little help. A gang of farmers came into the judge's chambers—sixty or seventy, I guess. They told the judge not to sign any more foreclosure decrees or they'd have a necktie party and he 'wouldn't need his hat.' The judge said that he was only doing his duty as he'd sworn to do and they asked him, 'Is your oath more important than women and children?'"

"Then they rounded up all the lawyers and put them on the spot in the judge's office. Made them sign an agreement for a moratorium on mortgages for thirty days. The judge was called on the 'phone. Someone grabbed him by the collar and said, 'You stay here until we're through with you!' Then they all began making speeches. One man said: 'We're going to draw a line at the Mississippi and have our own country west of it. Have a capital at Des Moines or somewhere. Make our own laws, make our own money.' They talked about everything, even the gold standard. There was an old man right in front of the judge and whenever anyone made a point, he'd pound the table. 'Get that!' he'd holler to the

judge, 'get that!' The toughest ones weren't farmers at all but riffraff, you might say, hangers on. But the leaders were mostly good men. Square shooters."

Henry van de Stegen has an office on Main Street. He has thirteen farms of his own and looks after thirty more. Last year he collected \$500 from his farms and paid \$2,600 in taxes. Twice he has been called before the Farmers' Council on the complaint of renters and both times he was told that he had been more than fair.

"The deficiency judgments that the farmers are holler-ing about," he told me, "are perfectly just. Supposing I sell you a horse for \$100 and take a mortgage for the amount. On the way home your horse breaks his leg and has to be shot. You bring me back the dead horse. The hide is worth \$2.50, so I'm out \$97.50 unless I can collect a deficiency judgment from you. I shouldn't have to suffer for your misfortune, should I? And when I make a loan on land valued at \$400 an acre, should I be left holding the sack because the land goes down to \$100?"

"Remember, I'm for the farmer 100 per cent, but this violence shouldn't be allowed to go on. We'll have mob law and the farmer in a mob is a dangerous man. A fellow who's used to shoving 1,400-pound bulls around isn't timid and is apt to be pretty husky. The Governor had better be sending the militia to this county unless he wants to have a civil war on his hands."

A tall, raw-boned Scandinavian in regulation working clothes—overalls thrust into the tops of heavy rubber overshoes, short sheep-lined coat, and battered felt hat—lounged in the sunshine before the door of the farmers' grain elevator. As I came up, I said that I was hunting for a certain member of the Farmers' Council.

"I guess I'm him," he grinned. "What say? Was I at the courthouse the day we stopped the deficiency judgment against Gus Johnson? I'll say I was. We're showin' 'em we mean business. Our organization's got committees in the four corners of the State and in the middle. The main thing right now is to stop the tax sales and keep the attorneys from foreclosing on our farms. Before we can pay anybody anything we've got to have better prices for our stuff. My God, I should think they could see that!"

"The domestic-allotment plan? Well, I haven't studied it. I don't take much stock in federal legislation any more. Congress has passed a lot of bills and the farmer is getting the lowest prices he ever got. But something's got to be done quick or there's going to be trouble. I'm telling you."

The fight goes on. Since the demonstration at Le Mars 700 farmers at Logan, Iowa, have prevented the eviction of a farm owner because of a \$700 deficiency judgment. In central Iowa a group of farmers returned to the owner live stock which had been taken from him on an attachment writ. A sheriff in southeastern Iowa left at the point of a rifle without serving a writ. At a chattel-mortgage sale in Wisconsin hogs were purchased for 25 cents and horses for \$1 and immediately returned to the original owner. At Tipton, Iowa, and at Appleton, Wisconsin, foreclosure sales were postponed. Throughout the Middle West crowds of farmers are preventing any bids from being made at delinquent tax sales. These are straws which show the way the wind is blowing.

Soviet Deportations

An Explanation of Recent Russian Events

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE wholesale transplanting of tens of thousands of Russian peasants from their native villages to distant regions, the introduction of a passport or citizens' registration system in larger cities—which may have the effect, in Moscow alone, of forcing thousands of people to find homes elsewhere—the grain tax, the mobilization of peasants for timber-cutting in the Archangel district, the Kremlin's decision to restrict construction and stimulate production of consumers' goods, the gradual scrapping of the ration system, and the new spirit of tolerance in literature and art may, if viewed as isolated measures, puzzle or annoy or do both. But they are closely related parts of one well-integrated policy which can only be understood against the wider background of general Soviet development.

The first Five-Year Plan was inaugurated in October, 1928. By 1930 the operation of the plan had absorbed all idle hands. In 1931 the absence of unemployment grew into an acute shortage of labor. In 1932 the Bolsheviks were faced with a technological famine. Their labor reserves were exhausted and construction had to be checked. This is the central fact of the Soviet situation today.

A number of huge new apartment houses were being erected around my home in Moscow all last year. Under my very window, so to speak, the Five-Year Plan was being carried out. I could observe the peasant girls straight from the village, still wearing their wide pre-war cloth skirts and their picturesque blouses ballooned at the shoulders. They were buxom and jolly, rude tasks came easily to them, but they knew nothing about work. They were clumsy, wasted a lot of motion, dropped things, got into one another's way, and frequently made a complete mess of their particular job simply because they lacked experience and had never seen such work done before. They had milked cows but could not pile bricks.

As construction activity progressed, boys who could not have been older than sixteen—though they told me and their superiors that they were eighteen plus—came on the scene. The labor reserves of the country had touched bottom. I would lean over my window-sill every day and observe these youngsters. They played a lot, and work seemed to be a lark for them. But how inefficient they were! For several days, at one stage, they had to move boards from one part of the street to another. The boards were about fifteen feet long, eight inches wide, and one inch thick. A boy would approach the stack and place two planks on his shoulder. Before he had proceeded far the boards would cross and he would have to stop and wriggle his shoulder and neck to get them back into position again. Then his load would begin to seesaw; one end would go up and then the other. Each time he would be forced to halt to reestablish the equilibrium. If two boys had taken four boards, however, they could have run with them if necessary. Any sensible layman could have told them that, and a foreman should have. But there was no foreman. The lack of foremen plagues Soviet industry. In the Amo motor-truck plant in Moscow the president of an American automobile com-

pany pointed out to me how much time and energy the common-sense advice of a foreman might have saved. At that same factory a young man of nineteen with only eighteen months' practical experience was operating a most expensive die-cutting machine, which in America would be run by the best mechanic in the plant. These instances illustrate a general problem.

The Bolsheviks have constructed so many new cities and so many new industrial units during the last five years that the supply of even slightly skilled labor is exhausted. Indeed, things have reached such a pass that there is no choice but to hire altogether unskilled workers and court the inevitable resultant harm. On the eve of the second Five-Year Plan the Bolsheviks have undertaken to remove these serious difficulties.

The real reason for the intensive industrialization that marked the period from 1928 to 1932 was the pressure of surplus village population on the undeveloped Russian city. For several centuries the backward countryside with its primitive agriculture had borne the burden of a considerable amount of excess humanity. Migration away from the hungry, crowded village was always the rhythm of Russian economic life. Czarism sought to meet this problem by territorial expansion. From the time of Peter the Great the monarchy tended to acquire new agricultural lands by advancing first into Siberia, the Ukraine, and the Caucasus, and then, during the second half of the nineteenth century, into Turkestan. Czarist expansion was longitudinal and latitudinal. It took place by extension. Simultaneously, of course, a weak bourgeois class endeavored to industrialize, and the results were not negligible, but on the whole Russia remained predominantly agrarian.

When the geographical and material limits of this development had been reached, the Romanov regime, having lost the faculty of growth, began to wither and decay. Soon it died. Russia needed bolshevism to give her vigor. But Bolshevik expansion is intensive rather than extensive. It is based on the increasing utilization of all available resources. This is why urbanization, industrialization, and modernization are the essence of Soviet policy.

The function which history has assigned to bolshevism is the industrialization of Russia. Instead of finding new farming land for crowded peasants, the Soviet aims to create new city jobs for them. The Communists must absorb and employ the village emigrants. This process has a cumulative effect: industrialization at the expense of the peasantry makes the village even less attractive than before; more peasants pour into the cities; the government is compelled to find more jobs for them; the forces making for industrialization are thus still further accentuated. These forces induced the mad tempo of the first Five-Year Plan. The consequences were that (1) millions who formerly had grown food ceased to produce it in the village and began, instead, to consume it in the city—in the matter of food supplies there was thus a loss on both sides of the ledger; and (2) the supply of even partially skilled labor was exhausted and it became necessary to employ untrained personnel at skilled tasks.

These two circumstances will mold Bolshevik policy for the next few years. They are the framework in which recent and current changes in Russia must be fitted to become intelligible. The Soviet Government is now called upon to slacken the speed of urban growth. Blind population pressure must not compel the state to engage in further rapid industrialization before the plants constructed between 1928 and 1932 are mastered and assimilated. It would be ideal if the passport scheme, which many people in crowded Moscow and Leningrad enthusiastically welcome, were to drive back to the villages and provincial towns the workers and employees with least experience and training. In the last year Moscow and other cities were swollen with peasants who came to buy and sell and to speculate, but also to work on new construction projects and in factories. They filled the street cars and stations. They crammed the apartments. They broke traffic rules and made the life of motorists an unmitigated hell. In 1932, in Moscow alone, there were probably no fewer than a million transients or residents of less than a semester's standing. No one blames them. They were impelled by economic forces. Now the bureaucracy is sending them back home. Citizens' registration, a more rigid control of cooperative membership, a restriction of the centralized ration system, the discharge of slackers and of poorly equipped workers, the rationalization of office work through the dismissal of extra personnel—these measures, together with the food shortage, should, after a period of adjustment marked by chaos and cruelty, achieve the threefold purpose of relieving congestion in the major cities, directing a new reserve of labor to smaller cities which now languish for want of an adequate supply of workers, and bringing many peasants back to their villages. This means that the cities are being made less attractive until they can adjust themselves to the vast influx of the past years, that the provincial towns and huge neglected areas in the north, in Siberia, and in Turkestan will witness a very considerable development, and that the village, finally, must be made much more attractive. The fascination of the Five-Year Plan induced a concentration of attention on industry and a neglect of agriculture. The peasant paid and the city grew. Collectivization was sometimes regarded as a magic wand which would automatically improve village conditions. Having completed the Five-Year program, the Bolsheviks can now turn their eyes to the problems of the countryside.

The grain tax recently introduced is the most important legislative measure adopted by the Bolsheviks since 1929 and is calculated to make the peasant stay at home and raise more food. Only with this tax in effect will it be possible to form a preliminary judgment on the practical benefits of collectivization. For heretofore excessive grain procurements have marred the picture of agrarian socialization. Its theoretical advantages are obvious, and there were certain concrete gains despite the requisitioning of what amounted, in practice, to an average of 30 per cent of the mujik's crop. But the great revolution which collectivization implies was checked and diverted by these confiscatory tactics. Today the ground is cleared for further Soviet progress in agriculture.

Collectivization, to be sure, puts the Bolsheviks on their guard. Peasants organized as Russia's World War army made the two 1917 revolutions. The peasants are today organized in the *kolhozi*. Of course, the peasant soldiers were inspired, awakened, and led by the proletariat, and the proletariat would now oppose rather than guide any move against

constituted authority. Nor is such a move at all likely. The collectives will merely remind the government that it must show greater consideration for peasant needs instead of flying too frequently in the face of economic realities. This is all to the good. Recent draconian measures notwithstanding, an observer more interested in larger trends than in sensational manifestations must discern the very gradual recession of revolutionary lawlessness. I think the Communist Party is slowly beginning to realize that arbitrary measures and violence have their place but must not become the permanent substitute for wise civil administration. In 1931 this realization induced a more friendly policy toward engineers and intellectuals. In 1932 the RAPP organization, official watchdog of Soviet literature, whose terroristic activities depressed all intellectual life, was dissolved. In January, 1933, the grain tax replaced the procurement process, which required police methods and superimposed fiat. All these changes, plus the new Bolshevik acceptance of the principle of decentralized organization, testify to the emergence of forces which prefer automatic economic and social controls to dictation. Because of the uneven balance between proletariat and peasantry the course of all Soviet events must be a zigzag, and in this field, too, a tug of war will go on between the protagonists of ruthlessness and the friends of conquest through persuasion plus an appeal to self-interest. It is interesting that this struggle already shapes more and more of Moscow's acts.

The cynic may wonder how liberal tendencies can be discovered at a time when ruthless measures seem to multiply. But the grain tax was decided upon just when the violence incident to procurements rose sky high. RAPP was dispersed just when its aggressiveness became most objectionable. That will always happen in Russia. Evils attain their maximum and then burst. At this very moment, of course, thousands of peasants are being exiled to lumbering and mining areas or to distant agricultural districts which are just now entering upon their pioneering stage. This is part of a big colonization movement which other nations would probably conduct with less rigor. It is especially intended as a means of exterminating the last champions of capitalistic agriculture. During the autumn the Bolsheviks discovered that many *kolhozi* were controlled by former officers of Denikin's, Machno's, and Petlura's armies. In the Ukraine the chief bookkeepers in dozens of collectives were found to be active Petlurists. The policy of procurements was wind in their sails. Village Bolsheviks played their anti-Bolshevik game. Today Moscow is striking these people down mercilessly. Simultaneously, however—and this is another characteristic of Soviet tactics—it caresses those who remain. In the North Caucasus, Cossack recruiting ground of most of the white armies of the civil war, whole villages have been depopulated and shipped off. At the same time the government is granting the entire region huge subsidies of machinery, seed, and food. It is easy to say, "We would have done it differently." But in Soviet Russia no situation is as simple as it appears.

The most imposing feature of the great policy shift which marks the transition from the first Five-Year Plan to the second is the relative ease with which it is being accomplished. All the cards are in one hand. What may, with some accuracy, be described as the present Soviet crisis is very different from the crisis in capitalist countries because the Bolshevik leaders know its causes, have planned the cure, and are already applying it. All factors of the situation—except the weather—are

under control. In times of difficulty the virtues of national economic planning have proved as valuable as in periods of buoyant progress.

The progress under the first Five-Year Plan has been enormous. And yet the biggest lesson of the plan is that the rate of revolutionary advance will be slower than most people

had expected. The Bolsheviks must learn patience. In the next two years the Soviet Government may be expected to catch its breath and rest. Soon enough, its freshly trained technical cadres, the products of its numerous factories, and the fruits of a more rational agrarian policy should enable it to make another spurt.

Machinery and Unemployment

By LEO WOLMAN

CURRENT discussion of what has popularly come to be known as "technological unemployment" still appears to disregard the fact that measurement of the phenomenon, not to mention the explanation of it, is a vastly complex and technical matter. Measuring the changing productivity of industry and the efficiency of labor, on the one hand, and estimating the changing volume of unemployment and accounting for the causes of the change, on the other, are related economic problems on which a tremendous amount of work has been done during the past fifteen years. Beginning with the index numbers of the physical output of 1920, the work of E. E. Day, Woodlief Thomas, Carl Snyder, F. C. Mills, and many others in this field has made available a great fund of additional materials and constant refinements in the methods of interpretation. In the measurement of unemployment, likewise, rising popular interest in the subject and the eagerness of students to examine anew the effects of machinery have produced the invaluable studies on the volume of unemployment by M. B. Givens, Paul Douglas, and Ralph Hurlin, and the particular inquiries on displacement by machinery by Isador Lubin, Ewan Clague, W. J. Couper, and Elizabeth Baker, together with the remarkable series of investigations conducted since the early twenties by the staff of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The material, then, on both the output of industry and the volume of unemployment exists now in greater abundance than ever before. But there is still wide difference of opinion among close students as to precisely what has happened, say, in the last twenty or thirty years. These differences of opinion, moreover, are not the result of hair-splitting but of real difficulties which cannot be disposed of by any amount of argumentation. Exhaustive treatment of this whole question, assuming I were prepared and competent to undertake it, obviously cannot be attempted within the compass of an article. I shall, therefore, limit myself to the consideration of a few of the problems connected with measuring, first, output, and then unemployment.

At the outset there is the question of the appropriate general method of attack. The preparation of a list of labor-saving machines, or processes, however interesting such a list may be, cannot serve the purpose of adequately describing the experience of the past and estimating the probabilities of the future. In the analysis of this kind of problem, the economist, the statistician, and for that matter the engineer are concerned with aggregate and average changes and results. The collection of an exhaustive list would require enormous funds and the exercise of the most meticulous care in the job of investigation. The results of such an enumeration might well be spectacular, as they probably would have been during

many periods in the industrial history of this country since the Civil War. But it would be the sheerest accident if they faithfully and accurately reflected the aggregate trend.

So far as the basic data for the measurement of aggregate changes in the physical output of industry are concerned, they are still defective in quality and in comprehensiveness. Statistical devices must frequently be employed which are of dubious value and uncertain meaning. Since, also, one obvious purpose of current investigation of these questions is the discovery of comparative historical developments—to determine, for instance, whether the current rate of industrial output is faster or slower than it was at some time in the past—it must be remembered that defects in the current data are often multiplied many times the farther back we go with the same or similar series. Long-time comparisons, consequently, must be accepted for what they are, as reflections of the best measurements possible under the circumstances and not of instruments of unquestioned precision. More detailed work on the earlier series, particularly with reference to the experience of specific industries, may, in my judgment, produce results greatly at variance with some of the conclusions now widely held.

Finally, the economic characteristics of the last twenty years have in so many respects been unusual that no valid interpretation of any important feature of the period is possible without taking these unusual conditions at least partially into account. The rise of the automobile and kindred industries after the war, the great growth of purely war industries and their rapid demobilization between 1916 and 1920, and the dilution of labor attending the diversion of men from industry into the American army are a few of the more important factors affecting both the productivity of industry and the volume of unemployment during this whole period. In the face of forces of this magnitude, the events of the relatively few years from 1922 to 1929 may to a much greater degree represent the resolution of temporary forces, originating directly and indirectly in the war, than the unfolding of persistent, long-time trends.

With these cautions in mind, it should be possible to examine the data on the physical product of several categories of American industry with some appreciation of the limitations of the available measures and of the accidental or temporary character of what has happened. Before presenting illustrative data, I should say that inspection of a great mass of material leads me to the conclusion that the physical output of industry and the physical output per worker increased at a very rapid rate in only a few of the years after 1920. By how much this rate exceeded the rate of change in single years in the past it is almost impossible to determine. But it

is certainly the case that the conclusions drawn from the available data are often powerfully influenced, if not determined, by the purely technical fact of the length of the periods chosen for comparison and the character of the terminal years in each period.

A recent and authoritative survey of the advance in agricultural technique is found in the chapter on agriculture in "Recent Social Trends," by O. E. Baker of the United States Department of Agriculture:

The five years from 1922 to 1926 [he writes] are in several ways the most remarkable in the history of American agriculture. Agricultural production increased about 27 per cent, while crop acreage remained practically stationary and labor engaged in agriculture declined. . . . Nevertheless, production per person engaged in several types of farming has not increased as rapidly as is commonly assumed and there is a wide margin available for further advance. The increase in efficiency has been notable principally in the production of the small grain and hay crops. Cotton today is picked by hand, as it was a century ago, most of the corn is still husked or snapped by hand, and practically all the fruit is picked by hand, while much of the fruit has to be sprayed also, which was not done a century ago.

Estimating the future effects of the *universal* (italics mine) mechanization of agriculture, Mr. Baker concludes that the average production per labor year would in the future be increased by 33 per cent "for the nation as a whole." "This," he states, "is about the same percentage increase as has occurred during the past thirty years."

In the bituminous coal industry, output per man per day increased a fraction less than 100 per cent in the forty years from 1890 to 1930. During the last decade, 1920 to 1930, or one-fourth of the whole period, per capita output measured in the same way rose slightly more than 25 per cent. The productivity of labor in the anthracite industry, however, actually declined from 1920 to 1930. Viewing the whole mineral situation from the standpoint of productivity and costs, F. G. Tryon, in the most valuable summary of this question it has been my good fortune to see (in "Recent Social Trends"), forecasts the future in these terms:

Considering minerals as a whole, the outlook in the next ten years is for ample supplies available at declining cost. . . . In the long-time outlook [however] the outstanding facts are the growing difficulties of mining and the prospect of an ultimate increase in cost. The tendencies are unmistakable, and the experience of England shows how early in the exploitation of a mineral resource the stage of increasing cost may arrive.

On the railroads the per capita output of labor increased 14 per cent from 1899 to 1909; 25.5 per cent from 1909 to 1919; and 20 per cent from 1920 to 1930. Here, then, is the measurable record of productivity in three basic industries. While the changes recorded since the war are noteworthy and afford substantial evidence of technological progress, they are still far from representing an unprecedented or revolutionary development.

What the really difficult problems of measurement and interpretation are, is most clearly revealed in estimating the course of total and per capita output in the heterogeneous group of manufacturing industries. In this group the per capita output of labor as measured by one competent student increased 7 per cent from 1899 to 1909; declined 1 per cent

from 1909 to 1919; and then increased 49 per cent from 1919 to 1929. In view of these data, which have in reality been the source of much of the current belief in the widespread displacement of men by machinery, the rapid advance in the efficiency of labor after the war appears unquestionable. But there are many good reasons, technical and logical, for accepting this conclusion with considerable hesitation.

In the first place, the rate of the post-war rise in the productivity of manufacturing labor is in part the result of an apparently slow rate of increase in productivity in earlier periods. This condition can be illustrated in two ways. Among the four groups of industries here considered, the productivity of manufacturing industries showed the slowest rate of increase from 1899 to 1925. Thus the increases in this period were 53 per cent in agriculture, 56 in railway transportation, 99 in mining, and 42.5 in manufactures. Between 1909 and 1919, furthermore, the per capita output of labor actually declined in manufactures, whereas it increased substantially in each of the three other groups. It requires no profound knowledge of statistical method to see how the decline in productivity before 1919 helps to explain part of the rapid increase in manufacturing output after 1919.

The post-war rise in manufacturing productivity was also neither continuous nor uniform. During the years from 1923 to 1929 there were only two occasions when the annual increase was striking, one from 1924 to 1925 and the other from 1927 to 1928. In all other years of this period the changes were so small as to be hardly noticeable. This is an important fact to bear in mind before the conclusions drawn from the experience of so brief a span of years are accepted as unmistakable evidence of a powerful and permanent trend. Professor Frederick C. Mills, for instance, in a recent encyclopedic study of post-war and pre-war economic changes ("Economic Tendencies"), concludes that the annual rate of increase in per capita physical output in industry was twice as great in the post-war as in the pre-war period. For this comparison Mr. Mills chose 1922-29 as the post-war period, and 1901-13 as the pre-war. Although the choice of periods must always be to some extent arbitrary, it is clear that the results derived by Mr. Mills are in a measure determined by certain formal features of the periods he has elected to use. The pre-war period is thirteen years long, the post-war only eight. In economic series longer periods are almost certain to include more years of business recession than shorter periods; and in years of business recession per capita output usually, though not always, declines. If, then, the post-war period were extended to include the years since 1929, all of which have so far been years of business depression, the results would obviously be quite different.

These comments on the measurement of productivity apply with added force to the estimates of the volume of unemployment in this country. The specific studies of the displacement of men by machines are meager samples of a vast and complicated economic system. The observed decline since the close of the war in employment in mining and railroad-ing is in large part due to the competitive rise of new industries which have absorbed a great amount of labor. In the manufacturing industries, where the situation is confused by the influences of the war, the official figures for 1929 show that the numbers employed in manufacturing increased from 1909 to 1929 by 38 per cent, while during the same period the population of the country, ten years of age and over, in-

creased by precisely the same amount. For the rest, every novice in economic statistics knows that it has been quite impossible to derive anything like an accurate measure of the volume or rate of unemployment in the United States, particularly since it has been only since 1928 that anything like comprehensive employment data have become available for several of the most important American industries.

Direct estimate, finally, of the extent of technological unemployment must be made by measuring the joint effects on employment of changes in the volume of business activity and in the efficiency of labor. So far as I know, the only attempt to apply this method is to be found in an article by David Weintraub of the National Bureau of Economic Re-

search in the *Journal of the American Statistical Association* for December, 1932. It should prove valuable in this connection to present one of his major conclusions. "So far as manufacturing industries are concerned," Mr. Weintraub states, "the evidence based on the comparatively short period, 1920-31," does not "warrant the statement that the increased output per man-hour has resulted in a permanent displacement of workers. In fact, the analysis indicates that during the period 1920-26 a number greater than that displaced by the increased output per man-hour was absorbed by the increased physical volume of output," while in the years 1926-29 only 0.1 per cent of those displaced through greater efficiency failed to be reabsorbed in manufacturing industry.

Sandino Keeps His Word

By CARLETON BEALS

THE marines had hardly arrived home from their holy crusade in the jungles of Nicaragua when the rebel General Augusto César Sandino laid down his arms with appropriate words about brotherly love. Not our bayonets but our honorable retreat brought the terrible "bandit" to terms. This happy conclusion could have been attained at any time during the past five years; instead, stiff-necked army pride and State Department dignity preferred to create, and combat, a fictitious ogre, like Don Quixote laying about him among the wine skins, save that the blood was real. Now, the Nicaraguan stew, which has simmered merrily for twenty-four years, has been served up on the banquet board of good-will and peace. Now, as the local Indian legend of a future Utopia relates, "the cotton will grow already dyed many wondrous hues, and the ears of corn will be so big that a man can carry only one ear with difficulty." I doubt if the fundamental problems of the country are anywhere near a solution, but with most of the world in confusion, it is a relief to discover that sanity has prevailed somewhere, if only in such a swampy corner as Nicaragua.

And now at last the marines have come home. After twenty-odd years of civilizing Nicaragua at the point of the bayonet they are back with an assorted collection of tropical diseases, parrots, native wives, newsreel bows, but otherwise, as Colonel De Courcy remarked of the French soldiers evacuating Mexico with Marshal Bazaine in 1867, with little more than "eighteen hundred leagues of country on the soles of their boots." Their withdrawal is one of the most creditable acts of the Hoover Administration.

When in 1928 I rode over the mountains of Nueva Segovia and through the Coco River jungles as correspondent for *The Nation*, in company with Sandino's troops, I discovered them, for the most part, to be simple, honest folk, fiercely imbued with the idea that they were fighting for the liberty of their country, and at the time I quoted some of the songs of freedom they sang around their bivouacs at night. Pedro Altamirano, whom the marines branded as the most blood-thirsty of all the Sandino "bandits," was a rugged, courteous, honest man, with ever a kindly thought for me—one of the "hated Yankees"—and for his men. General Girón, whom the marines captured and shot as a "bandit," was a cultured gentleman who had studied in a European military school, and

was probably far better versed in literature, the arts, and contemporary affairs than General Feland, whom I later interviewed in Managua. Colonel Echevarría was a poet of standing and asked me about the verse of Sandburg and Lindsay. Those men knew far better what they were fighting for than did any of the marines with whom I talked.

These contacts prepared me somewhat for the direct honesty of Sandino when I rode into his camp in San Rafael del Norte on a cold night in February, and they enabled me to understand the great and self-sacrificing personal loyalty his followers felt for him. A bit of a braggadocio about his military achievements, he nevertheless had a definite philosophy of personal courage. "Death singles out him who fears death," he used to tell his men. He gloated over the fact that he had brought two captured marines to camp, fattened them up, and then sent them back to their units, to show the American *machos* that the Sandinistas ate well. I later learned that the two men were court-martialed for desertion because the marine officers refused to believe their story.

Though he was living in the wilderness and hedged around by bayonets, Sandino was conversant with the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress then in session in Havana, and with Coolidge's attempt to offset the wave of hatred for the United States which had engulfed Latin America because of our policy in Nicaragua. Sandino was well acquainted with the whole Latin American scene and the relation of Nicaragua to it. He wished at that time only to stress the question of national autonomy and the withdrawal of marines, but that autonomy, he felt, could not be achieved without economic independence, freedom from control by foreign bankers, and the education and economic betterment of the common people of Nicaragua. Neither he nor any of his followers, he assured me, had any desire to win government jobs: "We are all humble artisans and peasants; we only want peace, land, and a chance to labor. We do not need charity from anyone; and when the foreign invader is driven out, we will return to our homes to till the soil."

He has kept his word. The "bandit" has asked that his guns be exchanged for agricultural implements—all Nicaraguans, now that the foreign invader has been driven out, should be brothers. On arriving in Managua to tender peace, he embraced with words of affection a member of the National

Guard, the organization created by the marines to continue fighting him, and he sent greetings to the American people, even inviting them to his country to work, but not to be "bosses." His words may seem a bit naive to our sophisticated ears, his idealism unwarranted in our cynical and bellicose world; but Sandino and what he represents are the only moral victors in the Nicaraguan struggle.

The facts may defeat his hopes. The problems of Nicaragua remain unsolved. True, the country is largely freed of foreign indebtedness, every cent of money having been squeezed out to attain this end and to pay off millions of dollars' worth of claims. Nicaragua has her railroad back and owns her national bank. But the basic support for this new independence has not been established. Managua has been paved; its water supply has been purified by adding so much chlorine that it tastes like ipecac; a few bad roads have been built at high cost to help the marines chase Sandino; the high-salaried experts have been paid off; the country has been provided with an up-to-date currency system (*colón* par with the dollar) which makes it possible for Nicaraguans to buy many American products more cheaply than Americans can, though native products find difficulty in reaching the world market; we have provided the people with a constitution and an electoral law in line with the best Anglo-Saxon traditions, though from the standpoint of Nicaraguan realities these documents are more naive than any put forth by Sandino. On the other hand, our intervention has done nothing for education and it has blocked the economic development of the country. Zelaya had already started the railroad to the Atlantic coast, without which political stability is impossible, when we intervened; today there are fewer miles of railroad in operation than when Philander C. Knox started us on our long goose chase in 1909.

Nicaragua has many serious issues to solve, and it is to be hoped that some progress will be made in that direction while the present harmony prevails. It seems improbable that the country will not call upon Sandino's services in the future, for he is by all odds the most outstanding personality in the country. Let us hope that he will refuse to become "civilized" in the manner of the political sycophants who clung to Uncle Sam's coat-tails and looted and betrayed their country. May he remain a good "bandit"!

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

No wonder-deed done in the oldest time
Whose whiteness burns oblivion away,
No miracle of grass, whose muted rhyme
Outsings the dawn and silences the jay,
No fiend's invention, no good man's endeavor,
No other tale of love is so untrue
As this one of my heart, that empties never,
But fills even as you take, and still is new.
It cannot be there is more love to come;
Yet, coming on, love tells me I have lied.
So I must learn to listen and grow dumb,
Believing in a heart that never died—
Believing then in you, who like a dream
Draw out of me this ever-waking stream.

George Moore's Burial

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, January 26

A SUNNY winter day of North American freshness and a peculiarly English scene. A few automobiles are in the yard of the crematorium at Golders Green close to Hampstead Heath, and stragglers are making their way into the chapel. One pair of companions is most conspicuous—Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of England, in everyday dress, and Augustus John, most renowned of British painters, his remarkable tawny head surmounting a rough tweed overcoat of a glaring check pattern. Under the portico a little knot of reporters may be seen. They keep strictly to the English custom at funerals, even of the great and celebrated. That is to say, they are not interested in the occasion itself. They are intent only upon collecting the names of those attending. No descriptive writers are here, either English or American. There is no sign of the press photographer.

The small chapel, with its quiet brick interior and plain oak pews, is nearly full. Ramsay MacDonald and Augustus John are seated together and apart in the front row on the left; members of the family, together with a nurse, housekeeper, and secretaries, on the right. It is not easy to explain the presence of at least half the people in the unreserved pews, mostly women, some of them young and nearly all in deep mourning. A few who are unable to find seats stand at the back. Clearly this is not a gathering of men and women of letters. Actually the painters outnumber the authors: Sir William Rothenstein and Wilson Steer; Henry Tonks, recently retired from the headship of the Slade School; D. S. MacColl, who belongs to both camps. He was formerly director of the Wallace Collection and, much earlier, art critic of the *Saturday Review* when Frank Harris was editor and Bernard Shaw was splitting the coteries with his weekly onslaught on the London stage.

The writers of distinction are very few. Here, unmistakable in any assembly, are the cavalier figure and fine silver head of Henry W. Nevinson; Charles Morgan, of "The Fountain"; Evan Charteris, the biographer of Edmund Gosse; young David Garnett, appointed literary editor of the *New Statesman and Nation* just as the reviewers are being called upon to appraise his "Pocahontas." One sees no others whose names are known. It is astonishing, inexplicable, unless one should choose to lay emphasis on the fact that "our dear brother here departed" was a writer who quarreled lustily through sixty years and found continuous delight in forging and launching the hardest insults at his fellows. No representative of the company of great prose writers whose fame was made in or near the dead man's prime has come to bid him goodbye. There is not one of the younger critics who have been glad to exercise themselves over his technique; no member of the Irish group which made the gossip of literary Dublin more entertaining and more malicious than that of any other capital during many years before the war. Of course the names just recorded imply a sprinkling of men illustrative of English genius, and eccentricity; but would anybody assert that the funeral of a writer whose fame has gone out into all the world could be conducted amid circumstances similar to these in any country save England?

The organ has been playing softly. A full voice begins to

intone, "I am the resurrection and the life," as the bearers step toward the broad bare metal slab, at one end of which are the copper doors opening into the furnace. The officiating clergyman is a burly Anglo-Irish canon, whose utterance is surely as strange a mingling of resonance and inaudibility as any among us have ever heard. He makes a brief and skilful selection from the burial service, altering here and there a word in the rubric and avoiding the long Pauline argument about corruption and immortality from the Epistle to the Corinthians. He reads no prayers until he comes to the Lord's Prayer, in which no one audibly joins after the opening sentences. There is no mention of the dead man's life or work. He is not even named. Death in England is more than a leveler; it confers anonymity. We continue standing while the organist plays the all-familiar tune of "Abide with Me," with a very short variation. And then we follow the Prime Minister out into the sharp, bright midday air.

Such is the strange burial (if the word is permissible) of the man who wrote "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes," "The Brook Kerith," "Abelard and Heloise," "Avowals," "Hail and Farewell!" The scene on January 25 could perhaps have been described only by the author of "Vale" himself. He sprang, as we know, from an old Catholic family of the County Mayo, but ignored the church after his schooldays. Long afterwards, when he was approaching elderhood in Dublin, a newspaper called him a Catholic novelist, and he vowed that he would put a stop to this kind of thing by formally joining the Church of England. His friends, he said, "were all men of the world and they would understand." Hence, as you see, the appropriateness of the Anglican liturgy at his last farewell.

George Moore was an extraordinary being. His career as critic, novelist, and author of imaginative autobiographies which are described in Dublin as examples of Irish comic fiction is without parallel. I doubt whether anyone among us would care to risk a prediction as to how his work is likely to stand up fifty, or even twenty, years from today. Charles Morgan is to write his Life. Its substance, no doubt, will be as remote from the record to which he applied the principle of self-determination as anything could be.

In the Driftway

IN a moment of abandon—his normal state—the Drifter lately expressed the belief that the craze for speed might be nearing an end and that, in consequence, the steamboat might experience a rebirth. Only two exceptions can be taken to this statement: first, the premise is not demonstrable; and, second, the conclusion does not necessarily follow. But why bother to predict the inevitable? The only virtue in prophecy lies in a reasonable content of uncertainty.

* * * * *

WHEN he predicted a waning of the craze for speed, the Drifter specifically excepted travel for business purposes. Persons going somewhere just to get there will continue to demand speed—as much, that is, as they can afford. But after a quarter of a century of rush, noise, and danger, the Drifter surmises that a wiser generation may swing back toward more rest, quiet, and security in its travel for pleasure. Of course the airplane is likely to engage more and more

persons both professionally and as amateurs, but it is well to recall that its progress has not been so fast as is commonly supposed. Although almost as old as the automobile, the airplane is still in its infancy in point of use, while the former has reached adulthood, if indeed senescence has not begun. The head of a leading motor-manufacturing company said at the time of the recent automobile show in New York City that 2,300,000 old cars were discarded in 1932 as against only 1,400,000 new ones bought. This may be ascribed to the depression, but even if prosperity emerges presently from around the corner, a new fashion may have congealed. It is possible that motoring for pleasure is losing its prestige. Roads are getting too crowded and they have been robbed of their charm by commercialization and the insistence that they be speedways.

* * * * *

IN contrast to our much-injured roads, our inland waters remain what they always have been—our most spacious, most beautiful, least spoiled highways. Nor have they been abandoned to the extent which some suppose. In spite of romantic articles on the passing of the steamboat on the Mississippi River, more tonnage is moved on that stream today (thanks to the barge) than ever before in history. Of course there is a difference between old traffic and new. The steamboat carried passengers and way freight, usually with frequent stops over a short route. The modern barge carries no passengers and specializes in through bulk freight over long distances. Yet even the steamboat is holding its own tenaciously on certain routes, and in some instances has been helped substantially by the desire, born of the depression, to keep down carrying costs. In one kind of passenger traffic the steamboat has never lost its hold. When two sizable cities are separated by about the distance which a steamboat can travel in a night, many persons elect to go that way, for economy and comfort, as witness the water services between New York and Boston, New York and Albany, Baltimore and Norfolk, Louisville and Cincinnati, San Francisco and Sacramento. What the Drifter hopes for is a greater amount of day service over some of our beautiful water routes, supported by discriminating tourists.

* * * * *

ANYHOW the Drifter discovers that some agree with him in thinking it not impossible that the public is in a mood to look with favor on slower, cheaper, and safer means of travel—especially for pleasure. Some think of the bicycle as practically extinct, but in the Netherlands there are special bicycle paths on the highways and almost half as many bicycles as inhabitants. Even in the United States there still is a Cycle Trades Association, which meets annually in convention assembled. At the recent convention it was voted to introduce bills in various State legislatures calling for the setting aside of three or four feet on public roads for the use of cyclists. The Drifter has long wanted pedestrian paths, both in connection with and apart from our highways. For the present, at least, bicycles and pedestrians might use the same paths. The steamboat is an idyllic and the bicycle a delightful means of travel, but the human leg was the primeval method of locomotion and when not afflicted with arthritis at the knee, remains incomparably the best one.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Literary Duel

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation enjoys an excellent reputation for the quality of its literary criticism. That reputation entails a considerable responsibility on the part of both its editors and its reviewers. I feel it my duty to protest against your having allowed Cuthbert Wright to review my book "The Ironie Temper" in your columns. I am protesting, not because Mr. Wright judged the book unfavorably, but because he revealed himself quite incompetent to judge it at all. His article in *The Nation* is inspired by prejudice of the grossest kind, and his estimate of my book is founded on a grotesque distortion of its main thesis. I charge Mr. Wright with the following:

1. He flaunts a hatred of Anatole France so intemperate that it renders him irrational and foolish. His insults and insinuations are of a kind that one dares make only when one's opponent is safely under the ground.

2. His knowledge of the subject is so sketchy (or his temper so malicious) that his brief review is full of inaccuracies and deliberate misrepresentations. He takes for granted, for instance, the fact that Mme de Caillavet was France's mistress, for which there is not the slightest proof. He makes the gratuitous insinuation that France's only motive in siding with Dreyfus was the fact that his own "mistress" was of Jewish extraction. Almost every statement Mr. Wright makes is either to be flatly contradicted or is subject to serious reservations. But more than any of his critical ineptitudes, the niggling, self-righteous tone of his writing condemns his whole review as a childish performance.

3. Mr. Wright either has not read my book or else suffers from a curious mental derangement. He makes the book out to be a defense of Anatole France. He calls it a "work of piety," "a two-hundred-page eulogy on the irony of Anatole France." It is nothing of the kind. It is, on the contrary, a condemnation of that irony and an analysis of its destructive effect upon France's character and work. Only the most absolute irresponsibility could have made Mr. Wright miss this point of view, which is present both implicitly and explicitly throughout the book. As it is this basic misinterpretation which sets him off on his incredible rodomontade, the entire review is thereby invalidated. I am glad Mr. Wright enjoyed the illustrations. I trust the next book he reviews will be a picture-book.

Berkeley, Cal., December 10 HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It would be easier to give Mr. Chevalier satisfaction for my review of his study of Anatole France were he himself able to justify his displeasure with me on any other grounds than that (a) he disapproves my review, and (b) he disapproves my not approving of Anatole France. I submit that he must have better grounds than these before he puts himself in such an obvious state of rage, and also that both (a) and (b) are well within the rights of anyone who considers himself a critic of literature. I propose, however, to answer his objections such as they are in the small space allotted to me.

1. I deny that I have flaunted an "intemperate hatred of Anatole France." One is permitted to dislike a writer without dealing in "insults and insinuations" of a kind that "one only dares to make when one's opponent is safely under the ground." Anyone who reads my review and then reads this part of Mr. Chevalier's letter would agree that it is not I who have written "irrationally and foolishly."

2. I never took for granted that Mme de Caillavet was

France's "mistress" in the physical sense of the word. That she was his platonic mistress, his Egeria, is sufficiently well known. I did not insinuate that her Jewish origin was his *only* motive for becoming a Dreyfusard, but it is well known that it was *a* motive.

3. In conclusion Mr. Chevalier "insinuates" in his turn that I never read his book, or suffer from mental derangement. It is a habit of the Dunciad to suppose that an unfavorable criticism of one of their works constitutes mental derangement, or moral collapse, but I can assure Mr. Chevalier that I read his book with considerable pleasure and profit. I understood perfectly that he disapproved largely of the late Anatole's famous irony, and my calling his study on the whole "a work of piety" ought to please one who is evidently an admirer of his obsolete hero. Finally, I do not consider my strictures on that gentleman to be any more "niggling" or "self-righteous" than those expressed in print by Barry Cerf, Joseph Delteil, Bernard Fay, Philippe Soupault, and many others whose names are probably familiar to so capital a student of contemporary French literature as is Mr. Chevalier.

St. Andrew's, Tenn., January 1 CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Dr. Fishbein Takes the Stump

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On January 16 Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, addressed the New Haven Medical Association on "The Costs of Medical Care." The audience was quickly won over by an easy and unscrupulous display of wit. Dr. Fishbein first described the long step from the black bag of the general practitioner of 1890 to the Mayo clinic, an outstanding example of modern group practice. And the audience agreed that it was very funny that when a case history was sent to the home of Will Mayo, it happened to be of such dimensions and to have had so many holes punched in it in the course of indicating the diagnoses that Mrs. Mayo mistook it for a new roll for the player piano. Such anecdotes, coupled with Dr. Fishbein's conception of it as the application of Ford methods to a "tensil factory," disposed of group practice. The high point in his account of the tonsil factory came when the patient reached the end of the "tonsillotomy belt" and was charged by the cashier "what he had in his pants when he came in." That deserved a laugh and got it.

He next disposed of current notions about adequate medical care. This was done by a *reductio ad absurdum* which purported to trace the care given to an obstetrical case from the preliminary consultation with the physician several weeks before conception to the final big event, which took place in a "luxurious palace" (hospital) in a room with fancy decorations, radios, dietitians, and so on. Dr. Fishbein went on to assert that 90 per cent of our ailments today can be adequately treated by the black-bag method, and that "determinations of non-protein nitrogen, basal-metabolism rates, and electrocardiograms" are frills which can usually be dispensed with. Dr. Fishbein made no mention of the contributions to medical science of either the Mayo clinic or the "frills."

The larger part of his discussion of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care was centered on the choice of people for the committee, the alleged "selection of cases" by the committee, and the lack of publicity given to the minority report. The audience responded with a satisfied titter when Dr. Fishbein pointed out that Evans Clark was director of the Twentieth Century Fund which financed the committee; that, further, Evans Clark was the husband of Freda Kirchwey, "the editor of two conservative magazines like *The Nation* and the *New Masses*," that obviously the gentleman in question was bound to be influenced by his wayward wife. The reliability of the majority report was further thrown into question by the significant observation that

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no one of the members changed his mind as to the future of medical practice during the five years of intensive investigation.

The conclusions of the majority report were summarily disposed of. It was pointed out that this report recommended the practice of group medicine, supported, possibly, either by taxation or voluntary insurance. Dr. Fishbein held that since further taxation was impossible, we should have to fall back on voluntary insurance. Voluntary insurance, he held, inevitably becomes compulsory insurance. And finally, the failure of social insurance in France, Germany, and England was held up as an object lesson. Dr. Fishbein's conclusions coincide with those of the main minority report. His advice is to preserve the 3,000-year-old traditions of medicine, namely, to care for the patient first and to advance medicine as a science afterward. Adequate medical care is to be provided for each man "according to his station." He pointed out that the railroads do not worry because some people ride in drawing-rooms while others ride in lower berths. When there is an attempt to have everyone ride in the same conditions, the whole transportation system breaks down—witness Russia! An additional grievance of the profession is the free services expected of it in the cause of preventive medicine.

It is thus seen that Dr. Fishbein considers organization no boon. But he stresses the fact that if there is to be organization it must be done by physicians, who understand the practice of medicine, and not by economists, sociologists, and such. How the second of the traditions, the advancement of medicine as a science, is to be maintained without utilizing the results of medical research, which to a large extent require organization and group cooperation, he did not explain. There seemed to be no realization of the fact, further, that treating each individual "according to his station" neglects completely the social implication of disease.

And there was no discussion.

New Haven, Conn., January 18 TWO MEDICAL STUDENTS

Contributors to This Issue

LUDWIG LORE was formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*.

CHARLOTTE HUBBARD PRESCOTT, a native of Iowa, is a member of the staff of the *Sioux City Journal*.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is at present in the United States on a lecture tour.

LEO WOLMAN, professor of economics at Columbia University and research director of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, has recently been appointed a member of President Butler's committee of seventeen to investigate the present economic crisis.

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Porfirio Díaz," contributed a series of articles, With Sandino in Nicaragua, to *The Nation* in the spring of 1928.

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and regular contributor to the *London Spectator*, has recently come to the United States to lecture.

G. P. GOOCH, joint editor of the *Contemporary Review*, is the author of "Studies in Modern History," and "Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy."

BABETTE DEUTSCH is a poet and critic whose most recent book is "Mask of Silenus: A Novel About Socrates."

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is an authority on Italian literature and politics.

WILLIAM SEAGLE, author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship," is an assistant editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*.

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Books, Drama, Music

Birch

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Where the green plumes of willow blow
And cloudy herons lift
The lilac shadow of slow wings,
Where the wild geese drift—

Brittle and broken at the foot
Of the stony hills they face,
The gleaming skeletons of birch,
Through boughs that interlace,

Arch their pellucid, Gothic ribs,
Shiver with phantom fears,
And gently at each other thrust
Their rigid ghostly spears.

In tournament pale unicorns
On some enchanted night
Might so have locked their slender horns,
Pierced light with white,

Leaving their shining weapons crossed
Bone-naked and bone-neat
When virgins like May lilies sprang
From the dark earth at their feet.

Culture vs. "Life"

The Modern Theme. By José Ortega y Gasset. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

THE extravagant praise lavished by critics here upon Señor Ortega's former book, "The Revolt of the Masses," is puzzling, and it might be well to inquire into some of its causes. Ortega's merits as a stylist are undoubted: he knows how to manage a sentence; he can combine in a remarkable degree subtlety with vigor; and he always appears to be about to say something revolutionary and profound. He does succeed in stating ideas in a fresh and attractive guise, so that they have nearly always the outward semblance of novelty; and he is, in addition, constantly assuring us that they really are very new. It may be so; but I emerge from "The Revolt of the Masses" and "The Modern Theme" unable to say precisely what leading ideas I have encountered in either volume that I had not met before.

The thesis of the mass-man, born into a civilization which he did nothing to create and which he does nothing to forward, accepting this civilization with no sense of gratitude to the minds that made it possible, recognizing none of the insecurities in it, no sense of obligation toward it, seizing all of its privileges and deriving from their exercise a false sense of inherent strength, remaining self-satisfied, glorifying the commonplace, condemning anybody who does not think like everybody, attempting to impose his vulgar standards universally—the thesis, in brief, of hyperdemocracy, of "the vertical invasion of the barbarians," is set forth in "The Revolt of the Masses" impressively and dramatically, though the total impact of the argument is reduced by digressions and contradictions. The book is a brilliant restatement rather than an advance into new territory.

The three main "influences" in Ortega's style and thought are apparently Nietzsche, Bergson, and Spengler; although Nietzsche is mentioned only once or twice, Bergson not at all, and Spengler mainly for the purpose of expressing disagreement with him. "The Modern Theme" is a less impressive volume than "The Revolt of the Masses," and Ortega's weaknesses as a thinker are more evident in it. I find it difficult to summarize its thesis at all, for the author develops it confusedly, its very statement depends upon the acceptance of leading terms in special and very dubious senses, and when these special senses are granted, the argument becomes a mere insistence on the obvious. Ortega attacks "rationalism," or any culture that ignores "life." He insists that "uncultured life is barbarism, devitalized culture is byzantinism"; that "pure reason cannot supplant life"; that "it is culture, reason, art, and ethics that must enter the service of life":

Is it not an alluring idea to reverse the present attitude completely and instead of looking outside life for its meaning to turn our attention to life itself? Is it not a theme worthy of a generation which stands at the most radical crisis of modern history, if an attempt be made to oppose the tradition and see what happens if instead of saying "life for the sake of culture," we say, "culture for the sake of life"?

Now most of us will agree with all the propositions I have quoted—so thoroughly, indeed, that we may wonder whether it was necessary for Señor Ortega to shout them so often and with such an air of discovery. Who does not believe that it is culture, reason, art, and ethics that should serve life, rather than the other way round? To believe otherwise is hopelessly to confuse means and ends. But what is "life"? Are not culture, reason, art, ethics, themselves parts or phases of life? Would an ethics that failed to serve life be ethical? Would a reason that failed to serve life be reasonable? Or is Ortega merely trying to say that animal lustiness is itself a value? If he is, does he mean to imply that it remained for him, or for the present generation, to discover this?

It would have been difficult for Ortega to write this book in "answer" to anything or anybody unless he had begun by building up an elaborate caricature of "rationalism" or "reason." "Pure intellection, or reason, is nothing else but our understanding functioning in the void, without let or hindrance, in contact with itself, and controlled only by its own internal standards." This is not a definition of reason, but of a misapplication of the deductive method, without inductive impetus or confirmation; it may perhaps apply with some justice to the concept of reason held by Descartes, for example, but it is a little late to be refuting him. The same criticism must be made of the passage in which Ortega declares that "reason is not capable of dealing with qualities," and hence that "color is irrational." *Mathematics*, of course (not reason generally), ignores sensuous color, but only because it is usually advisable to deal with one question at a time. Three plus five equals eight, whether we are talking of red billiard balls or white ones.

Ortega, in brief, seems to me to be not a real thinker, but a rhetorician-thinker. The type abounds in Europe—Keyserling, Croce, Valéry—and always makes a deep impression here, perhaps because we have so few comparable specimens of our own; Waldo Frank is about the nearest approach. Spengler belongs to it, but transcends the others with his staggering erudition and his pyrotechnic prose. Writers of the type have much in common: they will appeal to science and to common sense where these seem to support them, but whenever such criteria become prosaic or embarrassing, they fall back upon a poetic metaphor, a meretricious paradox, or frank mysticism. Nearly all of them are full of egotism. The combination is impressive, and many readers seem to find it charming.

HENRY HAZLITT

Germany During the War

Fall of the German Empire: 1914-1918. Selected and Edited by Ralph Haswell Lutz. Stanford University Press. Two volumes. \$12.

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the value and interest of these two stout volumes, which form the first instalment of a series of publications on Germany since 1914. Though our sources of information on the origins of the catastrophe are almost embarrassing in extent, our knowledge of the diplomatic history of the years of conflict is still very limited. The great collections of German and Austrian documents stop at the outbreak of hostilities, and the British and French will follow their example. Russia alone has published a mass of material on the war years and is about to publish more. Fresh light from any quarter on international relations during the struggle is therefore peculiarly welcome, and it is the chief merit of these volumes that they provide it. Everyone has heard of the Hoover War Library of Stanford University, and now we are privileged to share in its treasures. The editor's Introductory Notes to each chapter are brief and clear, while the full table of contents, the chronology, and the index enable the reader to find his way without difficulty through the labyrinth. We are told where each of the 523 documents, published or unpublished, is to be found. The print is clear and the price is moderate. Students all over the world will be grateful for this encyclopedic work.

By far the larger portion consists of material already known, though for the most part untranslated and difficult to find. Where can the ordinary student procure the official debates of the Reichstag, the Prussian Parliament, and the Berlin City Council, or the complete files of the German newspapers? How is he to lay his hand on army orders, departmental regulations, expert memoranda, strike proclamations, lectures, and pamphlets? Here he will discover exactly what he needs in order to reconstruct the life and thought of a great nation at the crisis of its fate. The variety of the feast is suggested by the titles of the chapters: the outbreak of the war, war guilt, propaganda, censorship, internal policies, submarine warfare, war aims, peace proposals, conversations with Herron, the army, the navy, Belgian relief, the control of foreign affairs, negotiations with Bulgaria and Italy, the kingdom of Poland, the peace of Brest-Litovsk, the treaty with the Ukraine, negotiations with Rumania, Turkey, and the Baltic states, the League of Nations, the Socialists, industrial development, Mitteleuropa, the food problem, war loans, strikes, the crisis of July, 1917, the Reichstag in 1917-18, the Prussian electoral reform, the armistice negotiations, the abdication of the Kaiser. Thus there is something for us all.

For the student of war diplomacy Chapter 9, entitled *Conversations with Herron*, and filling over a hundred pages, is the most novel and the most valuable of the whole work. The activities of Dr. Herron in Switzerland began in the last year of the war, and his reports reached not only Washington but London. Switzerland was the meeting-ground for official and unofficial representatives of the belligerents, and no one strove more earnestly than he to prepare the way for a peace of reconciliation.

I really did make Europe believe in Wilson, and to what proved to be an amazing degree—far beyond any hope or expectation I had when my erstwhile purely private and journalistic propaganda began. Thus there grew up the legend, which no effort or denial of mine was ever able to counteract or diminish, that I was Wilson's personal spokesman and interpreter in Europe and his intimate friend.

It was true, however, that his opinions were highly valued by the President, and, indeed, he received confidences from men who could never have spoken freely to official representatives of an enemy Power.

The most important of the conversations were with a Bavarian, Dr. de Fiori, who was said to be the personal agent of Ludendorff. Since the German envoy requested that his utterances should be conveyed to the President, as they would be to the Chancellor, Herron proposed that they should be taken down in shorthand. The correctness of the reports was recognized by De Fiori, and we may therefore accept the picture painted in June, 1918, as an accurate presentation of the aims of very influential Germans just before the ebb of the military tide began on the battlefields of France on August 8. Germany was still undefeated, and Herron urged that the German government should do something to redeem itself in the eyes of the world by proposing "a peace that will make possible the Society of Nations." No one detested more than he what was generally described as German imperialism, which he held responsible for the war, and he was ready to continue the struggle indefinitely rather than accept its triumph. But he longed to end the carnage, and he believed that the Wilson program would be to the advantage of both sides. His pleadings were in vain, for the conflict was decided by the sword; and the Treaty of Versailles was the natural result of a savage fight to a finish. No one was more horrified than Herron himself, and its condemnation by such an ardent Wilsonian is a measure of its unwisdom.

Next in interest to the Herron reports are the selections from the papers of the late Dr. Kanner, the Viennese journalist who denounced the policy of the Ballplatz as sharply as Förster condemned the Wilhelmstrasse and E. D. Morel the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey. It is also a boon to find a translation of some of the documents of the Bulgarian Yellow Book on the entry of that country into the war, which have hitherto been available only to the few who can read the Bulgarian language. Among other items of interest we may note a telegram from Erzberger revealing the active part played by the Pope in the attempt of the emissaries of the Central Powers to prevent Italy from joining their enemies. It is, however, impossible in a brief notice to call attention to, much less to discuss, all the additions to our knowledge provided in these volumes. The reader must sample and study them for himself.

G. P. GOOCH

The Unhappy Queen

Marie Antoinette. By Katherine Anthony. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE history of this unhappy queen is a comedy to one who thinks, a tragedy to one who feels, and Miss Anthony does both. As she follows Marie Antoinette from the bedroom in the old Viennese castle where her mother instructed her in the duties of the dauphin's wife, through the lonely bewildered years at the court of Louis XV, up the velvet carpet to the throne of the greatest kingdom in Europe, and down the cobbled street to the guillotine, the biographer, grieve as she may over the ruin of this innocent life, has still a wry smile for the vain and stupid and selfish creatures who destroyed it. Indeed, the charm of this book is that combination of shrewdness and sympathy which one has come to expect of Miss Anthony in her treatment of those ladies who have engaged her critical attention. She observes the French queen less with a historian's curiosity than with a woman's fellow-feeling. As a result, one is less conscious of Marie Antoinette as a pawn in Maria Theresa's game of empire than as the unfortunate daughter of a domineering, unimaginative mother. One sees

her marriage spoiled not merely by the loutishness of her royal husband but largely by the attitude taken toward this daughter of the Hapsburgs by her Bourbon relatives-in-law—her husband's father, his brothers, and his aunts. One is asked to regard her death not as an inevitable and trivial incident of the revolution, but as the miserable end of a woman at the mercy of those whose weakness had overwhelmed her own strength. History is merely the backdrop for the staging of this personal and pathetic drama.

Miss Anthony spares nobody in her effort to magnify the charm, the fastidiousness, and the common sense of the much-maligned queen. Not only the inadequate Louis XVI and the venomous Cardinal de Rohan, but even such an accepted hero as Lafayette is touched off with an acid pen. Indeed, the only man whom Miss Anthony heartily approves of is the one who best served the interests of Marie Antoinette—her lover, Axel Fersen.

Excellent as her characterizations are, one regrets that the biographer did not make more of the march of events outside of the palace. Certainly she has a discerning eye for something beyond the play of personalities. One notes it in her observation that the cynicism of Henry of Navarre, who "made treachery smart," and who, in throwing Protestantism overboard, failed to drown the protestant spirit, was one of the agents of the revolution. One wonders whether Miss Anthony omitted a fuller chronicle of the origin and progress of that revolution lest the stature of her heroine be somewhat diminished thereby. However that may be, she has written a lively, half-ironic, and wholly tender account of the life of one whose misfortune it was to be the daughter of an ambitious empress and the wife of an unambitious king.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Youth of Arnold

The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough.
Edited with an Introductory Study by Howard Foster Lowry. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THE action of the Arnold family in putting at the disposal of Professor Lowry all available papers pertaining to Matthew Arnold seems to have finally destroyed the single romantic possibility of his life, the real existence of "Marguerite." For among all the papers, Professor Lowry declares, there is no clue to her. Yet this volume of letters to Clough, the first of a series of documents Professor Lowry is to publish, is a highly dramatic book. To our intellectual understanding of Arnold it adds perhaps less than later matter will: we see the inception of certain characteristic points of view; we learn how great was the reliance Arnold put in Spinoza and of his devotion to Oriental philosophy. But the chief interest of these letters lies in their record of the personal changes in a man as he struggled to establish himself spiritually in the modern world.

The Arnold of Russell's two-volume edition of letters, published in 1895, the dull, unsparking person of mediocre emotions, did not always exist. At college Arnold was very different—a wit, a dandy, a persifleur, a reader of French novels, a singer of French songs, a misser of expected Firsts. He addressed his friends as "my darling," and when he was introduced as the son of the great Dr. Arnold he would pose as a sporting man just come from biting off bull pups' tails. It is this Arnold, shortly after he left college, who begins the present series of letters. The man of whom Lord Acton was to say that he had less personality than any man he knew tumbles his phrases about with the eccentricity of a Carlyle or a Sterne. He is irreverent; he uses strong language; he is frequently ribald—notes the size of Jenny Lind's "obverse," and refuses Biblical criticism a third place with "eating and copulation" as a natural function of man. He is enormously and attractively alive and unhampered.

He changed to become the unattractive person of the Russell letters, and the crisis that occurred in his friendship with Clough is the symbol of that change. In 1853 Clough wrote from America to complain of coldness and neglect. Arnold, reluctant to discuss the matter, tried to dismiss it—he had merely, he said, been occupied with marriage and an onerous job. But Clough presses him, and Arnold speaks out. "You certainly do not seem to me sufficiently to desire and earnestly strive toward assured knowledge—activity—happiness. You are too content to fluctuate, to be ever learning, never coming to see knowledge of the truth. That is why, with you, I feel it necessary to stiffen myself—and hold fast to my rudder." Clough was the symbol of Arnold's youth, and Clough, with his fluctuant doubts, was inviting the world to kill him, spiritually and materially, while Arnold was trying to make himself at home in that world.

For Arnold the charm of the classic ideal lay in the sense of human security that it gave; the basis of his criticism of the romantic poets was their inability to be secure. And classicism meant the abrogation of personality. When Acton used the phrase cited above, that Arnold had less personality than any man he knew, he meant it, of course, in praise; it was a tribute to Arnold's attempt to carry his own mind and the mind of England away from the personal and the eccentric toward the perfect and centric—the classic. When Arnold "stiffened" against Clough, he was stiffening against the romanticism that Clough represented. He was abrogating "personality" in Acton's sense of the word—intellectually. But for some reason he found it necessary to go farther—to abrogate personality in our modern sense of the word as well. The gaiety and freedom of expression disappear, and the Arnold of the Russell selection of letters begins to appear at the end of this collection of Professor Lowry's. The break with Clough—for, though affection and contact continued, the friendship was no longer alive—was Arnold's break with his own youth, with its poetry, and with personality in both senses of the word.

LIONEL TRILLING

Mazzini

Mazzini: Prophet of Modern Europe. By Gwilym C. Griffith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

BORN in 1805 and dying in 1872, Mazzini lived through the great florescence of democratic enthusiasm in Europe, the high tide of which we may place around 1848. His thought is a fully evolved conception of citizenship in a democratic world; his state is a natural organism formed around nationality by the will of an educated, morally conscious, and morally responsible citizenry; his world is a loosely organized community of free and morally conscious peoples. He lived late enough, after the era of the Enlightenment, to see the polemic of popular rights give way to education concerning popular duties; and late enough to see the sentiment of nationality come to the surface in the great ebullition of revolutionary emotions as the one constructive principle. He lived still too early to see that the struggle between proletariat and bourgeoisie could not be solved with the theories of liberty which had grown out of the struggle between bourgeoisie and feudalism; and too early to see that the formulas of what he called "morality" were not adequate to solve the new problems posed by the Industrial Revolution. He lived just long enough to see that in all his restless thinking, in all his tumultuous adventures in revolution, patriotism was the sentiment that really demanded satisfaction, and that in the attainment of Italian unity his work could be called done. And, in fact, what have we seen in six decades that have followed his death? His republicanism has become a dead issue in virtually all countries in Europe; "liberty" is reconcilable with any form of government; "tyranny" is reconcilable with any form of republicanism. His bourgeois "morality"

has been battered to pieces under the attacks of capitalist, socialist, syndicalist, and now communist and fascist ethics. The great countries which incarnate his principles of free nationality have not instituted heaven on earth, but represent merely another and rather grim moment in the endless unfolding of the truth that life is struggle. Mazzini belongs to the past.

This, more or less, is the Mazzini that we have known. Mr. Griffith's volume does not alter this conception in any essential particular. Perhaps it obscures it a little, by trying to see in Mazzini's world picture a certain "prophecy" of the League of Nations. It certainly obscures it a good deal by a fallacy that is common to nearly all British historical writing, where the dominant idea seems to be that the purpose of life on this earth is to gain the moral approval of the "better elements" in London society. Mazzini's revolutionary methods, says Mr. Griffith, are "morally obsolete." Supposing one should say instead that they are "immorally up to date"? London society would probably shiver with disapproval and reach for another cup of tea. And history would go on as before. What does it mean to say that "Mazzini stands or falls" as a prophet? Supposing he stands, or supposing he falls—the problem of understanding him still remains, made only a little more difficult, perhaps, by an irrelevant and substantially meaningless moral attitude.

If Mr. Griffith's criticism of Mazzini the thinker is not up to the "state of knowledge," he makes many amends by the attractiveness of his narrative, where the picture of the moral man and the record of his doings leave little to be desired. Particularly vivid is the description of Mazzini's life in England, and of his struggles and final success in trying to make himself one of the outstanding "Englishmen" of a day when Carlyle, Thackeray, Morley, Tennyson were holding the spotlight. They struggled manfully, these Italian exiles, to rise to the great ideal of the English gentleman. I note one unforgettable touch: Agostino Ruffini, as a tutor at Edinburgh, wrote across the pages of his textbooks: "Ruffini, don't gesticulate." Wretched historians from any objective standpoint, these English writers are unsurpassed when it comes to giving the spirit of an age of gentlemen. And, perhaps, after all, that is the more important thing.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Safe for War Profits

Death and Profits: A Study of the War Policies Commission. By Seymour Waldman. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$1.50.

THIS is a very useful volume. It is a careful analysis of the hearings held by the War Policies Commission from March 5 to May 22, 1931. Its purpose, as directed by Congress, was to "study and consider amending the Constitution of the United States, to provide that private property may be taken by Congress for public use during war and methods of equalizing the burdens and to remove the profits of war, together with a study of policies to be pursued in event of war." The real purpose of this commission was to consider how private property might be drafted in war time to prevent undue profiteering. The original impetus came perhaps from the American Legion and as a result of the Capper-Johnson Universal Draft Bill to "take the profit out of war and to conscript capital." Mr. Waldman attended every hearing of the commission, and brings out very clearly the complete breakdown of the effort to secure the United States in the event of war from a repetition of such scandalous profiteering as enabled the Utah Copper Company to make 200 per cent on its capital stock in 1917 and 150 per cent in 1918, while the Calumet-Hecla Mining Company made 800 per cent on its capital in 1917 and 300 per cent in 1918. The commission was packed for the military and governmental side by the appointment of the Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley, as chairman, Secre-

tary of Labor Doak, and four other members of the Hoover Cabinet as well. The only liberal-minded and anti-militaristic person on the commission was Congressman Ross A. Collins. It is hardly necessary to add that the War Policies Commission decided that the drafting of private property should not even be considered by Congress. The only recommendation was that the President be empowered in war time to stabilize prices at a level which would "minimize inflation." The report gives complete security to the profiteers in the next war.

Mr. Waldman's book ought to be in every library in this country as proof of the alliance of big business with the war-making forces. It is as melancholy a record of a completely abortive effort to make the next war unsafe from the profit standpoint for munition makers, bankers, and other big business men as could possibly be imagined. Mr. Waldman would have made his book more effective, however, if he had shown his own bias less constantly, and had let the facts and results speak more for themselves, as they do loudly enough. A later edition would also profit by stylistic revision. None the less, the book is indispensable in any collection which would cover the field of war-makers and war profiteers.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Leisure and Civilization

Leisure in the Modern World. By C. Delisle Burns. The Century Company. \$2.50.

SINCE the triumph of the Industrial Revolution there has been a great deal of preoccupation with leisure. But all too frequently it has been divorced from the greater problem of industrial civilization. One often finds no more than disquisitions upon the rather obvious connection of leisure with the automobile, the movie, and the radio. A book that considered leisure largely as the problem of filling spare time would be particularly irritating at present, which is no period of boom psychology but of involuntary leisure for millions.

Mr. Burns, however, pursues rather the elusive interstitial transformations which have been wrought in the fundamental character of modern society by not only the quantitative increase but the qualitative change in leisure made possible by machine civilization. He inquires into the conditions of daily labor because these affect very directly the possible uses of leisure: an exhausted worker cannot utilize his leisure. The home, too, is a factor in the spending of leisure hours, for "the way one lives at home . . . makes a difference to one's tendency to seek entertainment elsewhere." The machine's standardization of goods, particularly of clothing, has lessened the importance of external signs of wealth, so that the various classes tend to become indistinguishable in their leisure-time pursuits: "You cannot tell a butcher from a bank clerk, at least in his leisure hours." By facilitating the mingling of classes the increase of leisure has thus had a leveling social effect. But even more important, it has helped political democratization, and has played a particularly large part in the emancipation of women. Leisure time, created by the machine, has been used to push political demands more vigorously, and all sorts of social movements have been advanced. In short, there has been brought about a new experimentalism in daily life and an increase of political and social equality. Civilization is no longer dependent upon a leisure class, but may arise from the leisure of those who also earn their living.

Mr. Burns shows great acuteness in following many of the obscure tendencies of social change. Undoubtedly not only revolutions but little things play in the long run a tremendous part in altering civilizations. But every now and then Mr. Burns goes too far. It may not be possible to tell a butcher from a bank clerk after working hours but even a Dr. Watson could tell him from a banker. Mr. Burns, too, underestimates the devitalizing

Fewer Horses—Fewer Flies

Devious are the workings of technical progress—and strange are its repercussions.

The motor at the curb is obvious enough. Its effect on health, through adding to the number of maimed and crippled and also, conversely, by providing week-end airings, occurs to every observer. But the automobile makes a more obscure contribution to our common health. The President's Research Committee on Social Trends reveals it.

Communicable diseases, we are reminded, sometimes travel via the fly. The horse is an important factor in the propagation of the genus fly. It follows, then, that more automobiles mean fewer horses—that fewer horses mean fewer flies—that fewer flies mean fewer free rides for germs—that fewer hitch-hiking germs mean fewer . . .

The outlines and the influences of machine improvement—of tariffs and utility costs—are not so obvious. But we cannot doubt that their effects are at least as real and at least as great.

To see these outlines clearly and to give them proper weight is fairly important. We urge you to see and weigh—and offer you The New Republic to help you do it. Its pages may not always offer you analyses so diverting as the matter of the horses and the flies. But they constantly offer you facts at least as necessary to an understanding of our common problems.

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effects of many types of machine labor, and practically ignores the speeding-up process in modern industry. He seems to be writing rather with reference to the middle class of his own experience than with reference to the proletariat. He is often depicting not so much leisure in the modern world as the future of leisure.

Yet the most remarkable feature of Mr. Burns's treatment of leisure is its freedom from what may be termed sociological puritanism, that is, the "scientific" rationalization of bluenose dogmas. The middle class that arose as a result of the English commercial and industrial revolutions had no conception of leisure. It believed that "the devil finds work for idle hands to do." Leisure was simply an opportunity to rest for more work. Nothing dies so hard as puritanism, and when extensive leisure became possible for many, sociologists began to worry even more than the early Calvinists. They thought of leisure as a threat to the all-but-perfect state, and began to think of the problem in terms of crime and juvenile delinquency. The modern Mr. Burns's philosophy of leisure is, curiously, Greek. Fortunately, he does not worry too much about organizing leisure-time activity. He even concedes as legitimate the pleasures of gambling. A sound philosophy of leisure must have room even for allowing the individual to go to the devil in a sweet private way. If work in the future is to be organized, it will become extremely important for leisure to remain unorganized.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Shorter Notices

John Masefield. By Gilbert Thomas. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Recent Prose. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

In his study of John Masefield, the English poet laureate, Gilbert Thomas takes arms against those critics who have, in his estimation, undervalued the genius of the poet. After an excellent reconstruction of the poet's life—a life which Masefield himself has never outlined—Mr. Thomas proceeds directly to the attack:

There are critics today who speak as if, for intelligent readers, Mr. T. S. Eliot has finally closed one book of poetry and opened another. Mr. Eliot is, within his limits, an interesting and valuable experimentalist; it is his too fervent disciples who make themselves ridiculous. At all events, we need not fear that the cultivators of the poetic soil will ever kill the more vital, spontaneous growths.

What Mr. Thomas does not seem to know is that Masefield has not been criticized adversely either for his realism or for his idealism. He has been criticized rather for inability to fuse his realistic subject matter with his idealistic vision. The quarrel with Masefield, in brief, has been a quarrel with his art. But whether or not one agrees with Mr. Thomas's long argument for Masefield as an important poet, this critic's study does include interesting analyses of all the longer poems, correct estimates of their relative importance, and an acute tracing of influences upon the poet. "Recent Prose" is a collection of essays by Masefield on Synge, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Blake, and a few non-literary subjects.

Tristan and Isolde: Restoring Palamede. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

To the famous Celtic legend Mr. Erskine has restored Palamede, the Saracen, who, he claims, originally played a part in it and was dropped by the old chroniclers because an infidel could not be allowed to outshine the Christian Tristan. But the restoration has only affected the resulting novel by intensifying those characteristics that we have come to expect of any work by Mr. Erskine. Palamede, Tristan, Mark, Isolde, and Brangain go

through their parts in this jocular version of the familiar drama and turn out to be not much different from Helen of Troy, Galahad, or Adam and Eve. Like its popular predecessors, the story is marked by readability, horseplay, "skepticism," obviousness, professorial urbanity, and cerebral salacity. All legends look alike when put through the Erskine process.

A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Volume V. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

This is the concluding volume of an important work which the author did not live to complete. His book ends with the reign of Catherine the Great, though the final volume includes, as Kluchevsky's literary remains, sketches and notes that summarize the history of Russia through the reign of Nicholas I. Four chapters, printed at the beginning of the work in the Russian edition, are here printed as an epilogue. They explain Kluchevsky's plan, which he only partially fulfilled. His intention was to write a sociological history, but he did not have a complete enough grasp of the sociological factors. Nevertheless, in its sweep, in its biographies, in its analysis of critical eras, and in its pithy style, it is a masterpiece of historical writing.

[In the review by Benjamin Stolberg of Trotzky's "The History of the Russian Revolution" in our last issue one sentence read in part: "... the theory of 'permanent revolution,' now known as Trotzkyism ... was developed by Lenin and Trotzky together between 1915 and 1917." It should have read, "between 1905 and 1917."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Films

French Luxury

IN certain minor films that have come out of France in the last few years (and by minor, of course, one means all those not directed by René Clair) there is to be found a peculiar quality of charm which redeems the stereotyped triviality of their material and distinguishes them from efforts in the same genre in other countries. Although this charm is no more easily analyzable than any other, and probably exists largely in the eye of the beholder, it can be related to something which has often been pointed out in other expressions of French art and life—a cultivation of things for their own sake, an almost abstract delight in the material world, what the French themselves signify by the word *luxe*. "Mon Cœur Balance," at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, is neither a very profound nor a very original example of cinema art, but it does possess to a considerable degree just this quality of charm based on luxury. It is a beautifully mounted film in every way: the modern rooms, the furniture, the women, are all in the best possible taste. Its beauty is entirely a beauty of surfaces. And since our response to it is intended to be superficial, nothing is allowed to disturb this response. The only American picture of recent date which succeeds so well in building up its own world on such a superficial plane is Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise." But while René Guissart offers no apologies for the elegant menage of his young count, Lubitsch found it necessary to include a scene in which an irate member of the proletariat bursts in upon the chic grandeur of the manufacturer's wife and emits a heavily accented and repeated "Pfui!" In other words, the French directors have not yet become social-minded. For some people, therefore, "Mon Cœur Balance" will merely represent the ultimate refinement of bourgeois taste, the fine artificial flower of a dying class.

"Ihre Majestät Die Liebe," at the Europa, also strives for luxury, but without the same success, and without improving

greatly on the Hollywood film on which it is based. It is in the present version an overdeveloped, slow-moving, and rather graceless idyll of the Berlin night clubs. As it happens, however, it has an independent interest in being the first talkie of the young Czech actor, Francis Lederer, whose success on the New York stage this season has been so great that he has already been recruited for Hollywood. Since Mr. Lederer will very likely become a household word in America within the year, one may be permitted to make in advance a single practical suggestion regarding his acting. Mr. Lederer's chief possession as an actor is a vast nervous and physical energy which manages to communicate itself sympathetically to every member of his audience. In the love scene in the second act of his current stage play he holds his audience in his hand in a more literal sense than that phrase usually signifies. He holds it not only by his voice and by his gestures, but by the whole weight of his body in motion. On the stage this appeal was so great that his one marked deficiency went unnoticed or was less apparent. But if we are to judge by the close-ups in his current picture, Mr. Lederer is going to be handicapped on the screen if he does not recognize the importance of facial expression, more particularly, the use of his eyes. In several scenes it would almost seem as if he did not open his eyes at all. And the result is that the enormous vitality which is his special gift seems too self-contained, cut off from the other players, from the situation, and from the picture as a whole.

Of "Luxury Liner" at the Paramount one can only say that it may prove significant if it marks an end to that tradition in the theater which assumes that if one melodrama is bad a half-dozen melodramas heaped into one are somehow superior. The most regrettable feature of this picture is that its sponsors did not even bother to make any important variations on "Transatlantic" of a few years ago.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

The Queen of Song

"EVENSONG" (Selwyn Theater) is an entertaining vehicle for the English actress Edith Evans. Last spring Miss Evans was seen here very briefly in a dull play about Florence Nightingale, but she has proved to be a performer of considerable virtuosity.

It is true, to be sure, that the aging and temperamental opera singer is no new character. It is true also that neither Beverley Nichols who wrote the novel nor Edward Knoblock who helped him to dramatize it has plumbed any new depths or thrown any new light on the reason behind the fact that the egotism of the artist reaches its most preposterous heights in the prima donna. They have, however, presented the familiar character in a very amusing way, and they have been ingeniously inventive in devising situations to illustrate the many-sidedness of her self-absorption. The great Madam Irela, the "Queen of Song," insults her manager, snubs her fellow-performers, and completely absorbs the lives of everybody around her, while remaining perfectly convinced that she has "done nothing but give" all her life. The story in which she is involved is sufficiently factitious, but it serves well enough to hold the incidents together, and Miss Evans contributes a sense of reality which would be lacking without her. She easily dominates the stage as though by divine right; she is not afraid to look as ridiculous as she does in the scene where she enters in the blond wig and flowing garments of a Wagnerian heroine; and she even consents to illustrate the great truth proclaimed by the tenor in "Strictly Dishonorable" when he remarked: "The only thing that can sing and keep its shape is a bird." Incidentally the proceedings are also greatly aided by the presence of Jane Wyatt,

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a very pretty and talented young ingenue, in the role of a niece who escapes the annihilating protection of the great star just in time.

Opera singers seem to be the only artists about whom successful novels or plays can ordinarily be written. Your poet, your painter, or your architect (recently, by the way, a popular hero) is seldom convincing. One feels the lack of any proof that he can really write poems, paint pictures, or design buildings. All one really sees is that bundle of eccentricities which is associated in the popular mind with genius. But if the singer is large enough as well as complacent enough he is also convincing as a singer, and the reason is probably the same as the reason why the prima donna is likely to be peculiarly absurd. Nobody else comes in such direct contact with such extravagant popular acclaim; no one else is so likely to be unprotected by a superior mental equipment. Most other artists work with their heads, and since the "faculties" of the mind are not wholly independent of one another, most other artists have minds which are superior in more than one way. But the singer works with her throat. God gave her remarkable vocal cords, and he seems often to give them to persons whom he has not otherwise favored. Hence the great singer may come easily to resemble the bathing beauty, who has been blessed with thighs instead of a larynx, and hence, also, the great singer is the fictional hero most easy to make convincing. Wild hair and a taste for alcohol do not make a poet any more than unpressed trousers and a pipe make a brilliant young English physicist. Opera singers, on the other hand, seem very much like what the public imagines them to be—which is luck for the dramatist, even if a little hard on the singer's entourage.

That erstwhile stable on MacDougal Street which is known as the Provincetown Theater was once an important playhouse. The Hairy Ape and the Emperor Jones trod its boards before moving to more spacious stages, and more than one worthy playwright besides O'Neill found refuge there. For several years, however, it has been reaching new lows with the regularity of a stock market, and has now been taken over by a new group which calls itself Actors and Playwrights. The first and probably last offering is a "sophisticated" comedy entitled "One Husband or Another," which gets about the production it deserves—one, that is to say, in which the badinage of the characters is accompanied by the thump, thump of a cracked Victrola record. The problem of what to do with the playhouse has thus become acute. Perhaps if it were cleaned up a bit it might be used for horses again.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Music

Two Kinds of Radicalism

RADICALISM in music may mean either the search for new means of musical expression or the musical reflection of other, such as social and economic, radicalisms. Representatives of both varieties feel that from such organs as *The Nation* they have a right to expect public notice. Personal inadequacy is only partly to blame, however, for my difficulty in giving them what they expect; some of it is inherent in the tasks they set.

Take, for example, the concert of Chamber Music by Composers of Soviet Russia, given at the New School for Social Research the other evening by Sergei Radamsky and the League of Composers Quartet. Some of the music on that program may be excluded from consideration as being written by composers—Taneyev, Balakirev, Moussorgsky—who are "of Soviet Russia" only by virtue of the fact that they are buried there. But apart from the String Quartet by Mossolov and the songs

by Bela Reinitz, none of the music, taken alone, would have enabled one to say that the composer had lived through the revolution and been influenced by it. Since we had previously heard Mossolov's "Iron Foundry" for orchestra, the *ostinati* of which his quartet largely consisted could be taken to indicate that this was music of the machines. The Reinitz songs, being catchy, tuneful settings of witty and stirring revolutionary texts, are propaganda music of the most effective sort—that is, of the same musical sort as "Keep the Home-Fires Burning" and "Pack Up Your Troubles"—though one may prefer that effective music be used for purposes other than those served by these latter.

But no appraisal of the music of the revolution can be expected from us except one based on musical standards, and such an appraisal would not be high. If this is effective propaganda music, so much the better, but those of us who have not been in Russia and do not understand Russian cannot be expected to tell that. It is in any case a question unrelated to musical criticism. A proletarian marching song is bound to sound to us like any other marching song. Music of the machines cannot indicate whether the machines are under Communist or capitalist direction. Music is a language in which concepts as definite as those of the revolution cannot be expressed; it is a means by which the definite message of words may be made more exciting or more poignant. What an evening of music by Soviet composers chiefly does is show us that it is possible to sublimate revolutionary impulses: either the Communist composers in general sublimate their revolutionary musical tendencies in social and political activity, or composers in capitalist countries have been sublimating their revolutionary social and political desires in musical revolt. At any rate the revolution bites harder than it barks.

As for the latest exhibition of musical radicalism, I must repeat my often-expressed reluctance to give much of an opinion of new works after a single hearing. In an age when there are almost as many musical languages as there are composers, and when there is a total lack of agreement on even basic standards, one must approach each new work as a separate entity—except as related to whatever one may know of the previous work of the same composer—and achieve some familiarity with it before one may even have, much less express, an opinion. Now in any period a concert devoted exclusively to works of composers less than twenty-five years old could hardly be expected to present a high percentage of even competently written works. Even in the days when composers were satisfied to learn a more or less ready-made technique and only gradually to enlarge upon it, all but the most exceptionally gifted required a period of years to master their technique. It seems obvious that a composer who was not satisfied to take over an inherited technique would need an even longer period to evolve one of his own. The fact that one cannot apply standards of good writing to contemporary works until one knows them should not, however, mislead one, as it so often does, into thinking that whatever one does not understand is well written, or even that there is no longer any difference between good and bad writing. It simply is not so easy to recognize the difference at once as it used to be, and there is always too much anxiety not to miss a young genius—as if it would do him any special harm to be missed for a while.

All this concerns a group of young composers who gave a concert the other evening, also at the New School for Social Research. It is of course valuable for any composer, old or young, to hear his work performed publicly and feel with the strange listener the latter's reaction to it. It does the rest of us no harm to furnish him that opportunity. But to indulge in any extended or specific criticism of individual compositions would be to mislead the composers into attributing to that criticism an importance and an accuracy which it would certainly lack.

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